

South Carolina's Newsweekly

OSCEOLA

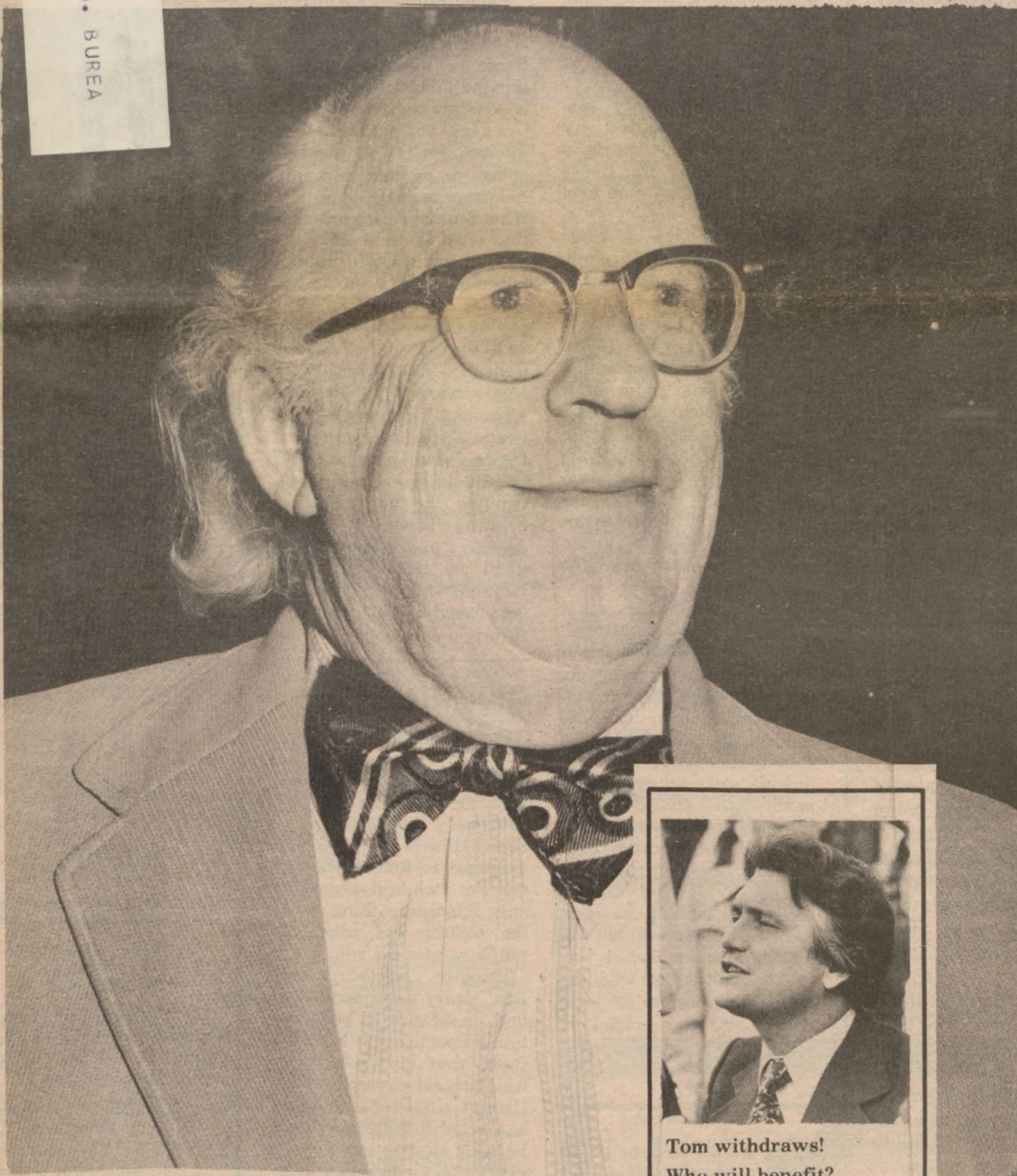
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Tom withdraws!
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Now that Tom Turnipseed has withdrawn from the Democratic contest for the Governor's nomination, where will his followers go? Who will benefit from the emotion and issues Turnipseed raised?

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The Senate is expected to pass a freedom of information act this term, but the bill stands to be emasculated in a Senate Judiciary subcommittee. Jim Clyburn and Henry Jolly are at odds on the budget of the Human Affairs Commission and a mayor takes it on the nose.



Can Henry Jolly count?

The Last Liberal ... P. 4

Where have all the liberals gone, asks John Bolt Culbertson, one of the few remaining representatives of a fading type. OSCEOLA also examines what has become of political liberalism over the past few years, with a special look at South Carolinians you might think of as liberals.



Is this what a liberal looks like?

Priorities ... P. 5

Is something awry when thousands of dollars are shelled out to parade fifty semi-clothed women across a stage, and one of the nation's premier cultural events goes begging with hat in hand? A Charleston writer looks at Spoleto and the Miss USA pageant.

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Opinion

Editor's Commentary

BY VAL STIEGLITZ

Now that Tom Turnipseed's white nova of a campaign, set on self-destruct for weeks, has finally taken its toll on its author, the race for Governor has assumed new intricacies. What has been largely an exercise in sustained boredom has become a more sharply defined contest.

Who will benefit the most from Turnipseed's withdrawal from the race? Clearly, the Lexington firebrand appealed to a special group of people; people who are sick and tired of the disgusting incest between government and private business which makes a mockery of working people's aspirations, a kind of dirty liason which makes life easy and pleasant for a few, and hard as a bed of rocks for many. These people saw in Turnipseed a sympathy and, whatever his failings, a determination to rock this rotten boat. Where can this constituency go now?

The oldtime populist component of Turnipseed's following will probably hearken to the grassroots glad-handing appeal of Bryan Dorn. The former Congressman is running a campaign based on the old political verities — shake as many hands as possible and eat barbeque till the limits of the possible have been breached. The blue-collar and rural parts of the Turnipseed movement will vote for someone who talks their language before they'll vote for a cool professional like Dick Riley or Brantley Harvey. Neither of these two can move traditional South Carolinians with that almost-religious magnetism both Dorn and Turnipseed possess. Riley and Harvey represent programs. Dorn represents a way of life. He'll get a large portion of the Turnipseed vote.

But what about the issues-oriented people who backed Turnipseed because his stand on things like the Public Service Commission, retainer fees and the farmer's strike squared with their disdain for the status quo? For this person, the only logical place to go is into the Riley camp.

Now, Riley will not get the headlines that Turnipseed would have had he won the race. Nor will he sweep huge masses of people up in his cause. But there is not much doubt that his concerns and objectives are similar to Turnipseed's, and his basic orientation hostile to that foul troika of greed, authoritarianism and complacency which has brought the state to the bottom of almost every social indicator. In other words, Riley ain't going to give us four more years of the same bootlicking of powerful interests. And this makes his campaign the most congenial home for people who were attracted by Turnipseed's program, rather than his style and emotional message.

By and large, Harvey has won every vote he's going to get. Nobody who is really ripped by the way things are is going to go with Harvey, because Harvey himself just isn't that ruffled by the way things are. He's a cool, professional politician, intelligent and no doubt competent. But he's not the man who understands the desperate, raw yearning in the guts of people who work like slaves in this state, or the conscientious and concerned people who are stymied by the old-buddy-system.

If you supported Turnipseed because he seemed to see clearly evil and good, you'll most likely vote for Dorn. If you thought about the issues and can't abide the South Carolina oligopoly, Dick Riley is where you'll probably feel most at home.

Cheap Shots

Gutting the FOI bill

The South Carolina Senate is expected to pass a revamped Freedom of Information bill this term, but the question is what kind of bill it will be. The House version, sponsored by Reps. Toal, Campbell and Ralph Anderson, is a tough piece of legislation. It brings considerably more governmental workings into the public domain than before; specifically, it opens up administrative briefings and sets a time limit within which governmental entities must respond to freedom of information requests.

A Senate Judiciary subcommittee, headed by Chesterfield's Tony Harris, is now considering the House bill, and hearings were held last week.

A key stumbling block has been the opposition of county and municipal associations to the provision opening up administrative briefings. It is claimed that this would impede the efficient operation of government, and slow it down to the point of absurdity.

Harris also feels the House bill is wrong in bringing the state Attorney General in on the side of citizens with freedom of information grievances. "Everybody can hire their own attorney," the Senator says.

The fact of the matter is that "administrative briefings" form a huge grey area, in which the citizen's rights are undefined and unprotected. They have been used to conduct the public's business behind the public's back, and provide an easy escape for public bodies that don't like the glare of public scrutiny.

If the subcommittee weakens the requirement for these briefings to be accessible, no real improvement over the present bill will have been accomplished.

The question of who the citizen can turn to for legal remedy is also crucial in strengthening the bill. Harris thinks the Attorney General

should only represent public bodies, not individuals against those bodies. But the citizens are paying the city, county and state attorneys to work for them, right? What he's saying is that after having shelled out tax money to pay for public lawyers, a citizen with a grievance against a public body is going to have to shell out more cash for his own attorney.

Public attorneys are there to serve the public's interest. If it is agreed that protection of freedom of information rights is in the public interest, then it is certainly the duty of public lawyers to protect this interest, even if it involves going up against a county council or board of education. What Senator Harris misses is that often the interest of the public body is not the interest of the public at large. And as long as the general public is paying the lawyer's salary — as in the case of the Attorney General — it is entitled to the legal services of that attorney.

Nothing is more pathetic than a feeble, impotent freedom of information bill. If the Judiciary subcommittee removes the administrative briefing from the public domain, and prevents the public's attorney from litigating on its behalf, we will get exactly this from the Senate; a weak bill.

Give them an inch and ...

The Democrats have come up with three candidates for secretary of state. The republicans have even managed to find themselves one. For a while, it seemed the only interesting thing about the contest was why four people wanted the job.

Recently, however, state Rep. Henry Jolly decided to heat up the race. He is hoping to make political hay out of the theory that Jim Clyburn has tried to build an empire at the Human Affairs Commission and would do the same thing if he were elected secretary of state. He charges the commission's budget has increased 300 per cent while the state government's budget has only increased 53 per cent.

Clyburn admits the agen-



Jim Clyburn: How fast can he spend money?

cy's budget was \$172,000 during the 1973-74 fiscal year and that this year's budget is \$530,000. What he disputes is Jolly's interpretation of the increases. It is "outright untrue" that he is responsible for the budget increases, he says. He says the state Budget and Control Board determines how much money each state agency gets and that the commission has only received "normal increments" since

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Last week's pictures of the protest at the Barnwell nuclear reprocessing facility were taken by Columbia photographer Donna Bise. Her credit was inadvertently omitted.

Letters From Our Readers

The truth about the Browne concert

Dear Editor:

Finally! Somebody had the nerve to call a spade by its true color ("Meltdown at Town-

ship: A Clockwork Browne.") Everybody, until your reviewer, seemed to be pretending that the Jackson

Browne concert was the greatest thing ever to hit Columbia. It wasn't. It stank. but it wasn't the performer's fault.

Like quite a number of people, I had been looking forward to the show with great anticipation for months. An I'm sure Jackson Browne and David Lindley were fantastic, but I couldn't hear them; which, after all, was why I plunked down my \$7.50 — not to help the Palmetto Alliance or G.R.O.W. I have about as much use for the "communist vegetarians" as they have for me. The only thing I did hear

with any clarity was John Sebastian's wailing harmonica encore.

Anyway, I have a suggestion. If Mr. Browne ever comes here again (which at this point seems rather unlikely, thank you) why don't you rowdy drunks out there just get drunk and go bowling?

Let the rest of us hear the music.

Rob Bigalke

Cheap Shots

(Continued From Page 2)

1974. He also points out the budget must be approved by the legislature. "That is just how the state government works, but I'm sure Jolly wouldn't understand how the state government works," he says. Nasty, nasty.

Some increases in the agency's budget have come from federal funds, Clyburn says. The amount of a contract from the U.S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare for investigating employment discrimination has increased, he says. The commission also got a federal control to do a 3-year study of whether students were being expelled and suspended from schools in a discriminatory way. That brought in grants of \$165,000 and \$196,000.

A third source of federal money was a contract to teach residents of other states how to investigate employment discrimination complaints.

The contract was for about \$155,000, Clyburn says, and all the money was used to meet the costs of the training sessions.

Clyburn can explain away his budget increases pretty effectively. If he is right about where they come from, he may very well be doing the state a favor by bringing federal money into South Carolina.

If not, Jolly may not be in much of a position to talk about the increases. At a press conference in April he admitted he was among the legislators who voted to boost the commission's budget.

A hard rap in Landrum

People in Landrum are up in arms because their former mayor, Robert Cogdell, took a hard rap for fixing traffic tickets recently. Well, that ought to be the way it goes

every time any public official abuses a public trust. An official who uses his or her position to smooth his own bed or pay off his friends won't get a friendly hearing here.

Cogdell was sentenced to three years in prison April 20, on 21 counts of obstruction of justice — fixing traffic tickets.

Sure, it's a tough penalty. But for Christ's sake, haven't we been through enough to know that the only public officials worth having are those who are willing to adhere to a stricter standard of conduct than the average joe? If you take democracy at all seriously, you have to view the public trust as one of the bonds that holds our society together. Power, we hear, comes from the people. Officials exercise a power that we, as a people, have given them over us. For them to take that power and abuse it is tantamount to their abusing every citizen. That's a pretty dirty job, and one that deserves the full penalty of the law.

Sorry, Mayor. Take a civics course before you run again.

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It's rare that a person runs for public office on a clear-cut platform. But that's what Miner Crosby is doing in North Charleston. He's running against incumbent Mayor John Bourne on the claim that Bourne is a racist, pure and simple.

Bourne is very popular in North Charleston, however, and Crosby doesn't figure to cause him much trouble. Bourne, a Republican, is close to Sen. Strom Thurmond and will probably play an important role in the Senator's reelection bid after winning reelection as Mayor this week.

A good risk?

On rumored financial problems in the Ravenel campaign: a keen political observer close to the challenger's finance committee says "one thing about Pug Ravenel, he'll borrow the money and worry about paying it back later. That's the way you ought to do it."

Jack Bass in fairyland?

On the candidacy of Columbia writer Jack Bass for U.S. Congress: "He's a very nice man who happens to live in fairyland," from a Richland Democrat close to local politics.

Bass is generally known as an intelligent analyst of politics and a decent person. Lots of people are waiting to see how he handles the hardball of politics, though.

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Statewide

The Last Liberal

The sun sets on New Deal liberalism

by Nancy Higgins

John Bolt Culbertson doesn't look like a liberal. His waving white hair touches his shoulders. His complexion is ruddy and his build is stocky. He's given to wearing a straw hat, bow tie and suspenders with his suits.

Culbertson looks like the kind of old-fashioned Southern politician Al Capp might have drawn in "Li'l Abner." He seems to be the kind of South Carolinian who takes pride talking about how his ancestor fought in the battle of Cowpens. And he is.

But the 69-year-old Greenville lawyer and Senate candidate is also, by his estimation, the only pro-union politician running for office in the state. He is, possibly, the last New Deal liberal in South Carolina.

He attributes his "unusual" political philosophy to the same thing which some people say made them conservative: a

hard life. Born on a small farm in Laurens, Culbertson was one of 13 children. His father was "intelligent, deeply religious and a prodigious worker" but he had financial problems. Culbertson was aware other young people, who were no more intelligent than he was, got things he didn't get, like good educations. "That tended to embitter me," he says.

Culbertson worked his way through the University of South Carolina. He received a bachelor degree in 1931 and a law degree three years later. He says he had more money when he finished school than when he started.

While he was there, he became sympathetic to blacks and other victims of discrimination. "I knew how they were treated and except for my skin being white, I would have been treated the same way," he says. "My sympathies have always been

with the underdog. Not only my sympathies, but I've done something about it."

Between 1935 and 1937, Culbertson worked for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Then he came back and set up a law practice in Greenville. He was elected president of the South Carolina Young Democrats and, in 1946, worked to help elect Strom Thurmond governor. "Oddly enough, Strom Thurmond used to be a liberal," he says. In the 1940's, Thurmond supported abolition of the poll tax, rural electrification and Franklin Roosevelt, Culbertson remembers. "He was one of the most liberal-minded politicians I ever saw in South Carolina, but he switched over to the crowd that had the money. Basically down in his heart, he still has a feeling for the underdog." Culbertson laughs and adds, "that's hard to believe."



John Bolt Culbertson

Culbertson had his one and only victory at the polls when he was elected to the S.C. House of Representatives in 1948. He lost when he ran for reelection. The defeat, he believes, was caused by his support of "radical" propositions like workmen's compensation and a minimum wage law.

He returned to Greenville and made a career out of defending unpopular causes, particularly those involving civil rights and labor unions. About the same time the

Supreme Court was deciding Brown v. the Board of Education of Topeka, Kan., Culbertson says he was in court in Jasper County breaking up a system which permitted blacks to be tried by all-white juries.

He was the first white lawyer in the state to hire a black secretary. "My so-called liberal (law) associates wanted no part of it and they pulled out," he says. "It's one thing to say you're a liberal in South Carolina but another to

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On the changed nature of liberalism

Understanding South Carolina reformers, progressives and hucksters

by Val Stieglitz

Liberalism once had a meaning. Now, it's a mystery. When people as diverse as Pug Ravel, Dick Riley, Alex Sanders, Nick Zeigler, Bill Campbell, Jerry Brown, Joe Riley Jr., Tom Smith and the late Hubert Humphrey can be mentioned in the same breath,

conservative - have lost their significance. Almost anyone in politics will tell you this. But what has replaced them? Along what lines can contemporary politicians be distinguished, if the traditional jargon is more confusing than illuminating?

Old liberalism, New Deal liberalism, arose from the

the economic system. Thus the entry of the federal government into the employment business, and then the economic welfare business.

Over time, this orientation created a conception of the government as the provider of the good life; primarily via expensive social, medical and educational programs. This was the Hubert Humphrey brand of liberalism — government as the agent of social justice, involved as equalizer in a multitude of areas.

Early on, this kind of liberalism raised hackles in South Carolina. Bill Kreml, a political scientist at USC, will tell you that a peculiar social hierarchy had developed in South Carolina which was founded on the exclusion of large groups of people from

political and economic power; in other words, an oligarchy. He traces this back to federal Reconstruction policies which, he says, were designed to preserve the southern social structure in return for southern acceptance of the federal union. When the New Deal moved beyond mere economic programs and began to alter the very structure of power — or threaten to do so — this tacit "hands off" policy was violated.

Whereas the southerner could live with the kind of liberalism which put poor rural people to work, or brought electricity to rural areas, he could not tolerate a liberalism which jeopardized the position of the wealthy white oligarchy. When liberalism became a threat — as with the 1954 Brown



John Jenrette: Does this man look like a liberal?

decision — it simultaneously became a dirty word. Witness the transformation of Strom Thurmond himself, from a reasonable acceptance of economic New Dealism to a total rejection of a liberal program which seemed to bring the southern black out of the political closet in 1948. It was with the social aspect of

(Continued On Page 19)

"It was with the social aspect of traditional liberalism that the southerner quibbled."

the meaning of the philosophy they're all supposed to represent has to be a bit murky.

It has become a cliché that the old labels - liberal and

crisis of the thirties. It's original focus was economic. It's twofold objectives were to give people the means to survive and, second, become again active participants in

Statewide

You can't compete with the meat parade

Spoletto encounters Miss USA in Charleston

by Steve Hoffius

The advocates of increased tourism for Charleston like to advertise the city with the line, "Discover America's Best Preserved Secret." That secret, as the advocates hoped, is becoming more widely known. Charleston now welcomes an increased number of tourists every year, and local businesses have become ever more dependent on them.

Full-page ads appear regularly in such magazines as **Southern Living**, **Smithsonian**, **Atlantic** and **Travel & Leisure**. Billboards for the city stand at the side of major highways. Tourism is the "industry" on which many city officials pin Charleston's future development.

For two years the city has hosted two annual events which attract a tremendous amount of national attention: the Miss USA Pageant, and Spoletto Festival USA. The first is a nationally - televised beauty contest, a subsidiary of the Kayser Roth Corp., which reaches an estimated 30 - 40 million people with its two - hour telecast. The second is an international arts festival which last year drew thousands of people to Charleston, gained recognition from nationally - televised programs and was written up in thousands of newspapers throughout the world.

Both draw tourists.

The pageant, however, features up to 20 minutes of Charleston sights. Former pageant winners describe various local tourist attractions, providing the city with prime - time direct advertising. The pageant draws few visitors to its events but it lures a great many tourists in the months following the telecast. One local motel manager claims that according to an informal poll of his customers, his business has increased 3½-4 percent annually, entirely due to the pageant.

A Charleston County Parks, Recreation and Tourism (PRT) study done last June found that 37 percent of polled tourists had seen the Miss USA Pageant on television and a quarter of those, nine

percent of all Charleston tourists, decided to come as a result of the pageant. The study claimed that about two-thirds that number of tourists, six percent of the total, decided to come because of the Spoletto Festival.

Articles on Spoletto identify Charleston and often include brief descriptions of the city, but rarely go into the details of the pageant's telecast. Yet it fills the city with artists and tourists for more than two weeks and draws visitors, though perhaps not as many as Miss USA to Charleston in later months. Spoletto officials claim that during the festival last year \$100 million was spent in the city, and many times that amount when one adds the "multiplier" figures used to determine how that money changes hands in the city.

Both events depend on local support, and both receive a huge amount of it. That support comes in many forms: financial, material contributions and volunteer labor. Support, however, does not come in equal amounts, or from the same groups, and in that division of support one can see important decisions on priorities that have been made by many Charleston groups and institutions.

The Miss USA Pageant is sold to its host city. The price for Charleston this year was \$175,000, and a promise that the "hosts"—in the city, the Trident Chamber of Commerce and the county PRT—would seek an additional \$25,000 from the state. The \$175,000 is supplied by a number of sources, including:

Charleston County: \$15,000
City of Charleston: 10,000

Charleston County PRT: \$31,000

Charleston Travel Council: \$15,000

Pledges from businesses and individuals: \$55,000 (projected)

Ticket sales, programs, etc. \$47,000 (estimated)

Any additional funds that might have been needed (had pledged contributions not come through, or sales lagged) would have been made up by the three hosts. City officials say apparently no more funds

will be needed.

Ann Cale, Spoletto Administrative Assistant, reports that the festival has received the following funds:

Charleston County: \$5,000

City of Charleston: \$10,000

Charleston PRT: \$10,000

Charleston Travel Council: \$10,000

These can be compared directly with Miss USA funding, but other financial figures of Spoletto are more difficult to compare. Ticket sales for the festival this year should bring in about \$500,000, far more than the pageant ticket sales produced. But the festival's orientation is dependent on live audiences; the pageant is primarily a television event. Individuals contributed less than \$5,000 to

Spoletto in cash donations last year, and even less this year, but many apparently felt that their ticket purchases—more than \$100 apiece for a great many people—were sufficient contributions. National corporations provided tens of thousands of dollars for the festival that the pageant did not need. Much less money was contributed to the festival this year by local businesses than was pledged to the pageant.

But in terms of financial contributions from those institutions and governmental bodies able to give, one thing seems clear: much more money went to the beauty pageant than to the arts festival.

Yet more money from

individuals in the community, visible in terms of ticket sales, went to the arts festival.

To a great extent, Spoletto depends on local volunteers—Cale estimated about 400 individuals—giving up scores of hours each of contributed work. They answer the phones during busy periods, assist in mailings and promotional work, deliver performers from airport to town and organize entertainment for festival performers and visiting dignitaries. "We've received a tremendous response from individuals in Charleston," says Cale. "Without them, I don't know what we'd do." The pageant uses some local volunteers, but a fraction the

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The Last Liberal

The sun sets on New Deal liberalism

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put it into practice."

Dozens of magazines and newspapers are scattered about Culbertson's office. Among them are "The Christian Science Monitor," "The State," "Sputnik," a digest of the Soviet press printed in English, and "Ebony." "They called me 'the bravest white man in the South,'" he says as he picks up a copy of Ebony. "That's quite a commendation, don't you think?"

Although he takes pride in his liberal record, he admits "I would be a garden variety, nothing to take a second thought about" in other parts of the country. But the temptation to move to a more congenial environment wasn't that strong. "Why should I leave my home? I wasn't going to be driven out."

There are, even now, no successful liberal politicians in the state, he says. State Sen. Arnold Goodstein, D-Charleston and State Sen. Isadore Lourie, D-Richland come closest to it "and they couldn't be elected to anything statewide." Culbertson is aware of no candidate except himself who wants a union endorsement, or who supports collective bargaining.

A desire for respectability and economic security is the main reason "people who have liberal views are hesitant to express them and more hesitant to carry them out" in the state, Culbertson says.

Many institutions, including schools and the bar association, can be subject to pressure from special interests pressure from special interests, he says. "Everyone wants to be respected and accepted in the community and anyone that does not fit within respected patterns is ostracized and not everyone can stand that. Without really showing their claws, the people who set the pattern for the community can squeeze without scratching," Culbertson says.

"For anyone that thinks for himself and questions the status quo has to develop a hard shell in order to withstand the blows he will receive." It's okay to read and

think, he says. "Just don't ever say anything about it."

Culbertson compares the liberals in the state to Galileo. When the Italian astronomer and physicist maintained the world was round, church authorities threatened to excommunicate him. Galileo, Culbertson says, recanted but under his breath he still maintained the world was round. "That's the plight of liberals in South Carolina. There are more of them than you might think."

Culbertson has managed to survive and prosper despite his views. People who once vilified him have come to regard him as a lovable old eccentric. He attributes his professional success to being able to get good results for his clients and charging them reasonable fees. "I have won the respect and sometimes the hatred of opposing factions but I have been able, by the grace of the good Lord, to whip 'em at their own game."

The future of liberalism in South Carolina is bright, Culbertson believes. He predicts minorities, young people and laborers will become increasingly active in politics. As this happens, politicians will have to depend on their votes to stay in office and will become increasingly sympathetic to liberal causes, he says.

The man may seem optimistic but, as he sees it, history gives him a reason to be. In 1948, when he supported Hubert Humphrey for the first time, he was called a radical by other Southerners. "At the last (Democratic) state convention, they spent about half their time saying what a great man he was," Culbertson says.

But the biggest change has been in attitudes toward civil rights. "A lot of people at least give it lip service now," he says. An example of this is state Sen. Marion Gressette, D-Calhoun County. To see Gressette with Calhoun County blacks, "you would think he was one of the biggest civil rights leaders who ever lived. He's part of the same crowd that just a few years ago was calling me 'nigger lover.'"

Gressette, Thurmond and other politicians have become interested in civil rights

mainly because of the registration of black voters he thinks. More than 250,000 blacks are registered in the state. The politicians are realists, Culbertson says, "That's enough votes to decide any election."

Clemson University, he notes, once fought to keep blacks from enrolling. "Now they're fighting to recruit black athletes."

Maurice Bessinger, the owner of Piggie Park in West Columbia, "was once the personification of resistance to integration. Now he advertises for all people to come and buy his barbecue."

"Ben Tillman and Edgar Brown would turn over in their graves if they knew what was happening now," Culbertson says.

Culbertson also sees the eventual triumph of another one of his pet causes. Labor unions "are gradually growing in South Carolina and will continue to grow. I predict that in a few years it (joining unions) will be acceptable just like it is in San Francisco and New York."

He is convinced that the courts are now determined to get tough with companies, like J.P. Stevens, which have been convicted of labor law violations. If workers thought the laws would be enforced, "they'd flock to unions," Culbertson says. "Nobody can convince me workers in the south want to make less than their fellow workers in the north."

Every office-holder in South Carolina makes anti-union statements now, he says. However, he believes the time will come when union members will have political influence. When that happens, "you'll see the same type of switcheroo in the union fight that we've seen in the black fight. When that day comes, you'll see liberalism in South Carolina."

"The general trend in the world is toward liberalism," he insists, although he isn't sure he likes that word for it. "It's more of a sharing of power with the masses of people. As time goes on we'll have more participation in all levels of government by the people. An idea is the most difficult thing in the world to kill, and people have the idea

the democracy really means democracy."

One idea of Culbertson's which has refused to die is that of getting elected to public office. In 1965, he ran for the U.S. House of Representatives. In 1974, he ran for governor. In 1966, 1968 and 1972, he tried to get elected to the Senate. He is a candidate again this year and, like all candidates, he has a plan for victory.

With a bit of luck, Culbertson hopes to get the votes of the liberals, the Democrats who were unhappy with Pug Ravenel's lackadaisical support for Bryan Dorn four years ago and "the people whose cause I have championed for years," mainly workers and blacks. He also expects Tom McElevan and James T. Triplett to take some votes

away from Ravenel. "I think with a combination of factors I might just ease into the nomination," he says.

Beating Thurmond would be harder. "The political machinery in South Carolina, both Democratic and Republican, and the people who control out economy, our newspapers and our media, they want to keep Strom Thurmond in the Senate because they like what he's doing," Culbertson says. It is doubtful anyone could beat him, he says, "but in the heat of the contest, he might just die."

However unlikely this scenario, Culbertson claims to have hope. After all, he points out, the elderly S.I. Hayakawa defeated the youthful and Ravenel-like John Tunney to win a seat in the Senate. "It's a dream, anyway," he says.

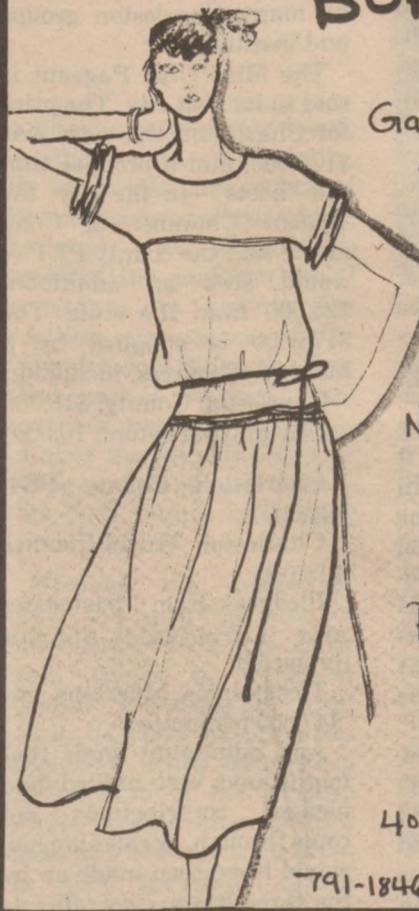
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Spoletto encounters Miss USA in Charleston

(Continued From Page 5)

festival's number, for just a short period of time.

Both events count on non-financial assistance from the city's private and public institutions. The Miss USA Pageant, for instance, is provided by its contract with

free use of the Gaillard Municipal Auditorium for "the necessary period involved," this year about two weeks. Auditorium manager Barry Goldstein estimates that the city, which paid the bill, covers about \$7,000 of expenses under this arrangement. The

festival, estimates Spoletto Director of Operations Christine Reed, will pay approximately \$24,000 for the use of Gaillard this year.

The Miss USA Pageant receives free of charge, by contract, all of its housing needs "during the contest period." Local hotels and motels agreed to contribute up to 200 rooms a night for the two weeks of the pageant, up to 1,750 occupancy days in all. Don Sottile, manager of the Heart of Charleston, says he agreed to contribute 10 rooms for the two weeks, at an average value of \$28 apiece per night. In addition, he said, he also contributed \$2,000. He considers the money a reasonable advertising investment. Sottile said the festival officials "haven't asked us *per se* for donated rooms," but that he "couldn't give that size support."

David McConnell, manager of the Holiday Inn Downtown, contributed ten rooms for 15 days, at an estimated price of \$35 per room, or more than a \$5,000 contribution. The Riverview Holiday Inn, according to manager Jim Olsen, provided "less than 10 rooms" for the two weeks, at an estimated \$35 a night.

If the estimate of room values averaged \$25 -- below that of any establishment mentioned above -- the value of this service would estimate \$43,125.

Spoletto Festival USA puts

up the majority of its performers and crew in College of Charleston dormitories (the festival takes place between commencement and the first summer school session). According to College President Theodore Stern, the school puts up an average of about 400 people for 20-30 nights, at \$6 a night. The bill runs between \$48,000 and \$72,000. About half of that cost is borne by the festival, half by the performers. Other performers and dignitaries -- the big names -- stay at local hotels. None has his or her room bill provided free of charge.

Festival Director Reed claims, "We don't necessarily want free rooms. That's a lot to ask for. But we've had tremendous problems just getting cooperation. We call local hotels and ask about available rooms and are told not to call back. Our messages aren't returned. We want to work with local hotels. We have to. It's in both our best interests. But it's terribly frustrating."

Some groups have been extremely helpful, say Spoletto officials. The College of Charleston, especially, has contributed a number of services. The college rents the festival use of office space, dormitory rooms, and provide free of charge the use of the Cistern for performances. President Stern is chairman of the executive committee of

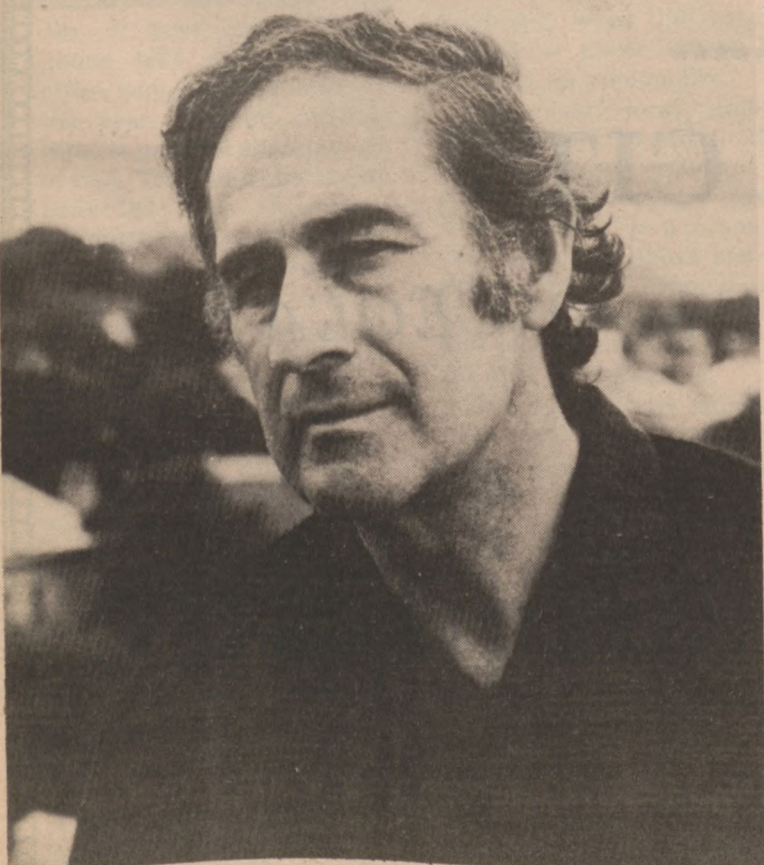
Festival Foundation, Inc., the parent organization of the festival. Contrasted to this, there is little involvement of the college and the pageant. Says Stern: "I received a phone call from the pageant, asking if they could use the college for shooting some scenes. I said, of course. We would help out with anything that will help the community. I don't know if they ever did use the campus, though. That's the extent of our working together."

Though the city charges the festival for use of Gaillard, city

(Continued On Page 9)



Miss USA 1978

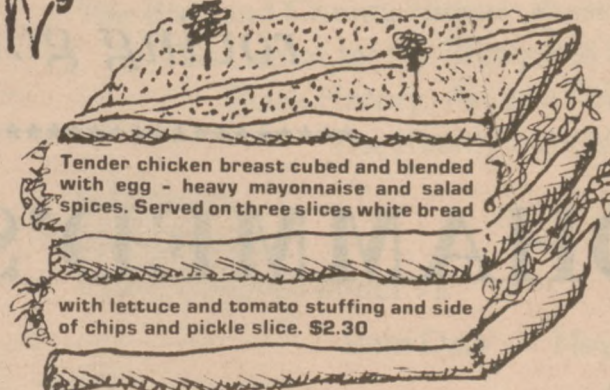


Menotti ponders the festival



At Groucho's

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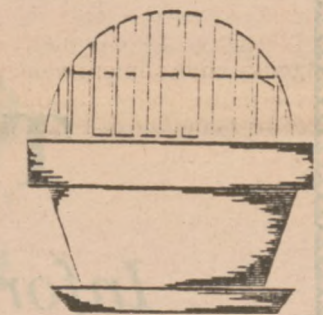


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Spoletto encounters Miss USA in Charleston

officials help the festival daily. Mayor Joseph Riley, Jr. is an at-large member of the festival Board of Directors. The Department of Leisure Services will organize one of the mini-festivals this year. Workmen will help with lighting for various events. The city gained a \$60,000 grant this year to build an orchestra pit at the Dock Street Theatre, and \$400,000 to renovate the Garden Theatre. Both, says Riley, were done especially with Spoletto in mind.

The local PRT, though it provides much less money for the festival than the pageant (Executive Director John Green claims they received Spoletto's fund request too late in the fiscal year), has operated a housing bureau for the festival and has been helpful in many other ways, festival officials report. "Our phone bill went from \$225 a month to \$640 a month," says Green, "since we began to operate the housing bureau." "We have no criticisms of the county or state PRT," says Reed. "They've helped tremendously."

The festival directly contributes more money to the economy of Charleston than the pageant. Spoletto maintains an office in Charleston year round, paying salaries to five full-time employees who turn around and spend it in the city. It pays rent, utilities, phone bills and purchases office supplies 12 months of the year. Pageant officials come to town for short periods of time. Their hotel rooms are provided free of charge "during survey and setting up periods prior to the contest." Local innkeepers readily provide this service, in exchange for the increased tourist business that they see the pageant attract.

Much of the difference in contributions to the two events seems to be based on definitions. Only one event is widely considered to be a tourist attraction. Local merchants, especially innkeepers, claim the Miss USA Pageant as a boon to their business, an investment, and have underscored this feeling with the contribution of their money and services. If business during the rest of the year is good, the money

invested in Miss USA is considered well spent. Spoletto, however, is described as a mammoth local arts event, less helpful to local business. Only its secondary purpose, much below its first of entertainment, is to draw tourists. It is not seen as an investment, but as a pleasant diversion, a brightener of our days, an elevator of our spirits. For instance, when Mayor Riley refers to the city and the pageant, he speaks of "the economic development function of the city" and of its "promotional value." When he speaks of Spoletto, he mentions the festival's "intrinsic value."

Yet Spoletto this year won the Governor's Cup as the leading tourist attraction for the state. It won the Governor's award for the leading community-supported project in the state. When the city won All-America status this year, three projects were cited; one was Spoletto. It gains a tremendous amount of publicity for the city, though not as concentrated, not as prime-time as does Miss USA.

The point would be difficult to make, however, that Spoletto does not receive enough support. It is simply ironic that particular kinds of support are given to a beauty contest — increased financial assistance from many local sources, free use of the auditorium, free hotel rooms — that are not provided for an international arts festival. Especially when that beauty contest is under attack by many in the community.

Last year local groups which were opposed to the beauty pageant organized a consciousness-raising "Mr. USA Pageant," as a means of examining sex object stereotyping, and a tribunal on violence against women. Both took place at the same time as the Miss USA Pageant.

This year, shortly after the pageant, the Charleston Chapter of the National Organization of Women held a press conference to announce the beginnings of an effort to gain community support in opposition to the city's sponsorship of the pageant next year. The money which went to the beauty contest, said Nan Sharkey of NOW, could better be spent on the city's housing, education and recreation needs. The pageant is simply not worth the money, claimed Sharkey.

NOW's argument, in this instance, focuses entirely on the economics of the pageant. NOW has also, however, attacked the pageant as offensive to and manipulative of women in general.

The city's Commission for Women has also condemned the pageant as demeaning for women. Last year the group made such a statement and, says Commission member Stephanie Davis, were assured by city officials that the pageant would not return. "Right after we gained those assurances," says Davis, "the city turned around and signed the contract for this year's pageant. This year we're going to repeat our concern, and we

intend to make it strong enough to be heard. We hope we won't just gain the empty promises that we did last year."

The Miss USA Pageant officials have announced that they are considering moving the event elsewhere. In most cities where such an event is held, said one official, the city takes the main responsibility for it. In Charleston, Riley made it clear last year that individuals and companies would have to take this main responsibility. The city would only assist them. Pageant officials have been talking with over cities, especially Biloxi, Mississippi, about moving the event there.

But even if the pageant moves, lessons can be learned. Some kind of standards can be established, insuring similar provisions for not dissimilar tourist events. Even though events may be as different as beauty contest and arts festivals, they remain tourist draws, using many of the same facilities, having many of the same needs.

And one must remember that any beauty pageant will be a controversial event. It will inevitably draw the city into a conflict with many of its own citizens who are offended by such things. The cost entailed in that may be more than can be justified by increased tourist spending.



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Sports

The Soccer Scene

The lure of the pros, and our three heroes are back in Columbia

by Don Belt

Well, I just had to do it. The thought of trying out for the pros has been gnawing away in the back of my brain for too long, I suppose, and when the chance came ... anyway, Phil Savitz, John Rosier and I drove up to Memphis to try out for the NASL Memphis Rogues last weekend.

Twelve hours on the road with an Eagles tape and a CB, taking it to the limit and that's a big 10-4. A swim, a check of the try-out field (local prep school football field), a Saturday night Rogues game (13,000 fans watching them lose a 2-0 heartbreaker to Tulsa), a good night's sleep, then off early to the tryout field.

Some seventy people showed up for their big chance at professional soccer — some of them looking very snappy in Chicago Sting or Team Hawaii warmup suits. Lots of foreign players.

The Rogue's assistant coach divided the group into strikers, mid fielders and defenders and outlined the events of the morning — scrimmage games. Head coach Eddie MacReady (A defender who played 23 internationals for Scotland) arrived on the scene — trim, grim and inscrutable behind a pair of opaque sun glasses, all business. He thanked everybody for coming and told us to relax and just play. He and his assistant, along with 4 or 5 players, mounted the bleachers with clipboards and the show began.

To make a long story short, they selected five or six players from each of the three 30-minute scrimmage games and sent the rest home. Phil, John and I all made the cut. MacReady then divided us into two teams for a full ninety-minute game, gave us a break and some last minute instructions (relax, have fun, don't be afraid to attack the goal from defense, play hardball), and turned us loose. Phil, John, and I stuck together and got on the same team — Phil at center back, me at right back, and John on the right wing. (As you can imagine, the talent was good at that point.) I personally had

all I could handle with a right winger named Jan Marchnik — a Yugoslavian 1st Division pro who could chest trap a goalie's punt, dribble the boots off a fullback, and run like a fugitive from the Iron Curtain.

Well, we all three had a good day — the folks up there were amazed that anybody even played soccer in South Carolina — and Philip was one of the six they asked back to train with the Rogues. He flew up last Wednesday, worked out with the team (which includes former Cosmos ace Tony Field), and was one of the last two tryout recruits to survive subsequent cuts.

On Friday, he and my Yugoslavian friend Jan were let go—with encouragement and regret. Net total of Rogues from tryout = 0. Phil's back in town now, training for the Almost Nuts-Columbia championship game Sunday, and has some interesting things to say about the whole experience in Memphis. We all do, for that matter. If you're thinking about trying out for the pros, consider this advice:

—Get in the most fantastic shape of your life. Pro coaches are looking for strong, strong athletes who can run all day.

—Never miss a chance to play, to learn, to test yourself against better, more experienced players. Be hungry.

—Ball juggle like a maniac.

—Try out with a couple of friends. You can make each other look good. Everyone else out there will try to make you look bad. No kidding.

—Show up looking *SHARP!* Your best kit. Catch the coach's eye.

—Watch out for nasty tackles during scrimmages; people will do *anything* to be a pro.

—Stick to basic moves, nothing fancy. One-touch, two-touch whenever possible. Don't get tackled.

—Always look to attack, even from defense. Overlap, overlap.

—Do it before you're 23 years old.

—But *DO IT!*

Hope you all are suitably amazed by the new ETV

series, "Soccer: Made in Germany." The Hamburg - Duisburg game last Saturday morning was undoubtedly one of the best blankety - blank games I've ever seen or ever hope to see. And how about these "Goals of the Month"? Did you believe Klaus Fischer's hitch-kick goal? Strong stuff! And good news, sports fans: there's more on the way.

This Saturday's game is FC Cologne (neck-and-neck with Borussia Moenchongladbach for the Bundesliga title) versus Stuttgart. I'm not going to give away the score, but answer these questions: On Cologne's first goal, how was Flohe able to get his shot away? Did the backs flinch a little when they

saw him shaping to kick? Was he open, or did he shoot "past" the defender? In the second half, when the Stuttgart fullback is "nutmegged" by Flohe in the penalty area, is he really trying to chop him as he goes by? What is the name of Cologne's net goat? Is

Schumacher, the Cologne goalkeeper, a lunatic? Why?

Events

Sunday, May 14: S.C.A.S.L. Championship game, Columbia vs. Almost Nuts. 2 p.m. Hilton Field.

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S.C. Sketchbook

The Storyman

Being cool and making plans

by Pamela Flippin

I remember Daddy saying a barber shop was no place for a little lady. Well, what was I supposed to do? With Momma dead I had to be looked after when Daddy was working. And the only person that could be responsible for me was my brother Jess. That's how I ended up at the barber shop every Friday afternoon. Time for Jess' haircut.

He was sixteen and almost full grown so he liked looking sweet for the girls. Jess used to sit in the barber chair looking like someone was trying to feed him spinach. He stopped doing that along the same time he got his first shave.

I knew everything that went on in the shop even if I was a little girl. I'd be sitting on the Shoeshine Throne having my Sunday Best shined watching all the fat men holding their breaths. They'd be afraid the barber might make a fatal mistake.

L.C., the black shoeshine-man would be treating me like a princess. The smell of shoe polish and Aqua Velva would turn into aromas of far away lands in which I was having one of several adventures as told by L.C. I used to call him Storyman because he always had a story to tell and a smile in his heart.

That was all so long ago. L.C. and I have always remained pals. I saw him just last week at a shop he works at in downtown Columbia. We were sitting in the Break Room taking it easy looking into the week-end. I remember our conversation well.

"You can always find something to get into," L.C. began quietly. "You and Shirly's love life both messed up. You don't know what you want. Until you get experience you'll know not what to do. You gotta get EXPERIENCE. EXPERIENCE is the best teacher. You don't never know how things are until you get involved. People can tell you anything they want to but you don't know 'til you come across it yourself."

L.C. smoothed his rooster red apron over his straw beige pants. He lit a Viceroy. His brown thick-framed glasses struggled to remain on the tip of his bulbous, freckled nose.

"But sometimes people make themselves difficult to read. How do you always know

how I feel, L.C.?" I wondered staring into his worldly eyes. I needed to know some of L.C.'s wise ways.

L.C. replied with confidence, "Easy. I just know people very good. One way I judge is by moods. They don't be intentionally. In the heart - it's the same. Problems cool you down. Until you get yourself together you can't be the same."

L.C. brushed ashes off of his mustard color sweater shirt. He put his cigarette out and folded his arms in his lap. The Storyman was ready. He confided, "I can tell when people are depressed by a downward look. Like something worrying you." He knew. "Something on the mind - can't be solved. You've gotta good friend you tell them. You hold it in you bust up. Let it out some way. Yes ... ups and downs all you life. That's all through life ... ups and downs, ups and downs, more downs than ups. Usually those happen when two people they don't agree. That's the way that goes. Everybody's got to be tough. Nobody wants to give in. Nobody wants to see them weak. For things get going, one's gotta give in."

We sat in silence for a moment. L.C. raised diamond-studded fingers to cover his yawn. He contemplated a nap so he could stay awake for the fight on television.

"Well, what are you planning this week-end? Are you giving into anyone, L.C.?" I laughed.

"No," L.C. calmly responded. "I'm very cool cause I have some plans. If you have plans you gotta be cool. I'm saving to go to Atlanta. Atlanta's a big city. Don't close up at 6 p.m. like it do in Columbia. Columbia's 15 or more years behind. Nothin' like Minnesota. When I go out for class I don't be jivin'. I want to be gettin' down. Foxy ladies, spending money, enjoyin' myself. I'm a man like to dress sharp as a tack. I like to do it up the way it supposed to be done. Columbia is like a ghost town come 9-10 o'clock. Nothin' to do but stay up watch TV until your eyes to blind. Tried Myrtle Beach - tired of that. Like to see show, have a few drinks."

L.C. seemed to have a particular fondness for burlesque shows. I wondered

why he and the guys could not go somewhere for a show like that in Columbia.

L.C. told me, "I don't converse too much with men unless it's business. No running buddies. I don't need no help knowing what I want.

I find what I want. Running buddies spoil the whole show. They usually be wantin' what you got better than what he's got."

We were interrupted with a rap on the door. Someone was out front wanting a shoeshine.

L.C. stood up on his black high tops, smoothed his clothes with one hand and his Butch-wax slicked hair with another. He walked out to the Shoeshine Throne to do some business.

Don't register. Don't vote.

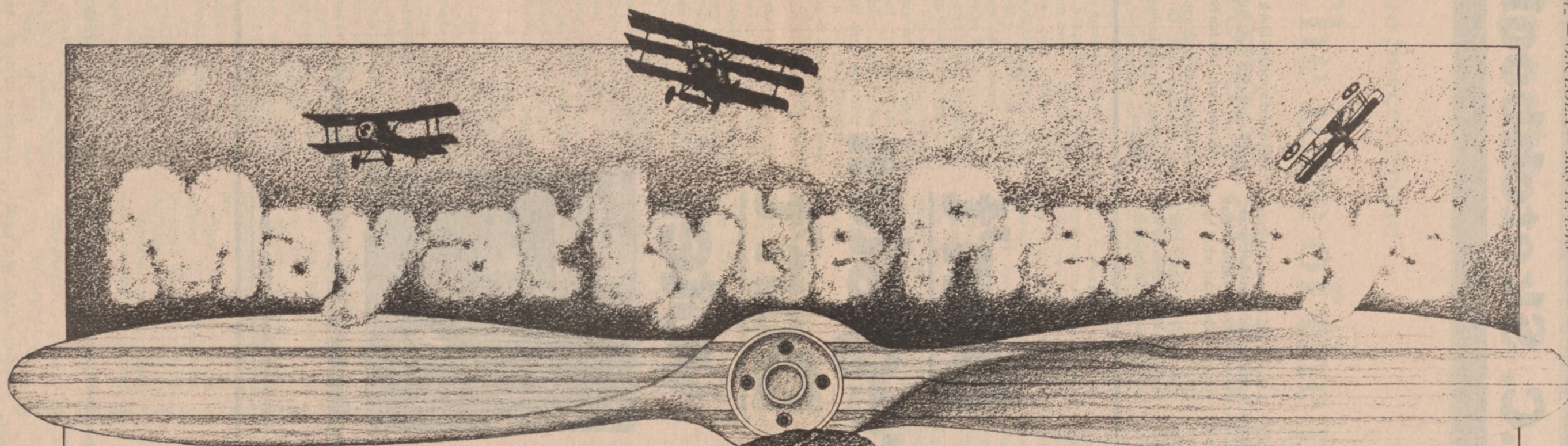


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There's something in the air these days that lets you know it's May.

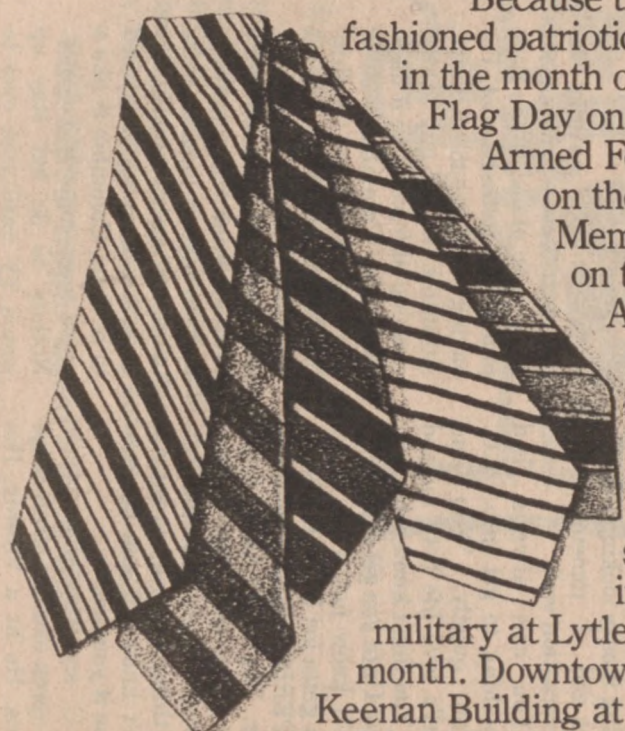
It might be the honeysuckle, or it might be the unmistakable scent of freshly mown lawns. But more than likely, it's a flag.

Because there's an old fashioned patriotic feeling alive in the month of May, from Flag Day on the 14th to Armed Forces Day on the 20th to Memorial Day on the 29th.

And true to the spirit of the occasion, you'll find a remarkable collection of spring clothing inspired by the

military at Lytle Pressley's this month. Downtown in the new Keenan Building at 1310 Lady and upstairs at Columbia Mall.

Khaki trousers and webbed belts have never been more in style. Epaulets



Up in the air over what to buy?

Of course, if you really can't decide what to give Mom, give her a couple of Lytle Pressley's gift certificates: one for Mother's Day and another one to celebrate Charles Lindbergh's historic flight across the Atlantic Ocean on May 21st. With any luck at all, she'll pick out a scarf like Lindy's.



Class of '78

May's also the month for high school and college gradua-

our array of authentic regimental striped neckwear is unsurpassed in Columbia.

Inspired by the decorations awarded to British military heroes, these all-silk ties have long been the mark of a gentleman, and there's a touch of history woven into every one of them. Groups of four thin navy blue

stripes on a burgundy field, for instance, signify the *Croix de Guerre* awarded to Sir Winston Churchill during World War II, and burgundy stripes on a navy field represent the Empire Decoration medal.

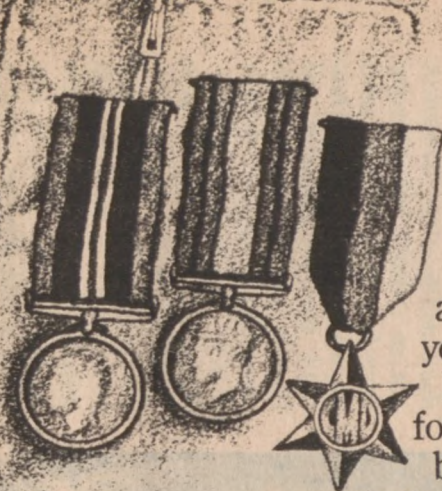
So come by and see us sometime this month, and we'll try to set aside a few minutes to swap war stories.

Remember Mama.

The 14th is also Mother's Day, and the best way to keep Mom happy is with breakfast in bed, dinner on the town, and a gift from Lytle Pressley's.

Because deep down inside, it's likely that Mom would rather have a little something from Lytle Pressley's than a lot of anything else. Especially if it's something she'd never even think of buying for herself.

And if the Mom you're buying for is your children's Mom, be sure to bring the kids along to help with the shopping. Because they probably know what Mom wants even better than you do.



we recommend a gift with real class: Royall Lyme.

In fact, the entire Royall family, including Royall Spyce and Royall BayRhum, represents the ultimate in toiletries for gentlemen.

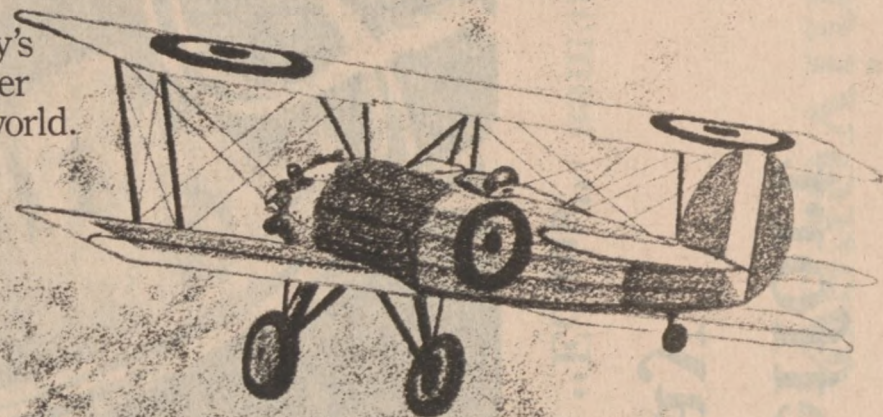
Romance language.

Designers all over the world are speaking the same language this year — the language of romance.

Because the things they've designed for spring are romantic and light and beautiful once again.

And throughout the month of May, we've got a superb collection of romantic fashions on display at Lytle Pressley's, and all of them provide a wonderful compliment to the tailored look.

So come by and see us, and discover all the things that are new for the season. And perhaps in the process you'll discover why May at Lytle Pressley's is like no other May in the world.



Lytle Pressley's

Reviews & the Arts

A worthwhile effort at a difficult play

Workshop Theatre undertakes "Equus"

By John Marion
Theatre Editor

Peter Schaffer's Tony winning *Equus* is perhaps the most treacherous script to be written in a long time. At best, it is the first draft of an intensely dramatic situation; at its worst, it is a surface treatment of existential themes that is almost pretentious.

It is a play, at least to this reviewer, of many loose ends. Though it deals with psychological and mythical themes, the details are noticeably missing, and one has the feeling that Schaffer is not well acquainted with his subjects.

Equus is basically a very talky play about a not very new problem; the tension in the man of intellect who yearns to be a man of passion.

The major problem is that Martin Dysart, English psychiatrist for children, is merely a caricature of Middle Age Doubt, and could have been drawn from *Passages*. His opening monologue reveals the essence of his character and of the play:

"The thing is I'm desperate. You see, I'm wearing the horse's head myself. That's the feeling. All reigned up in old language and old assumptions, straining to jump clean-hoofed on to a whole new track of being I only suspect is there. I can't see it because my educated, average head is being held at the wrong angle. I can't jump because the bit forbids it, and my own basic force - my horsepower, if you like - is too little. The only thing I know for sure is this: A horse's head is finally unknowable to me."

When Martin reveals so much at the beginning, he destroys possibilities for personal changes as the play develops. By beginning with the end of the story and retelling it through flashbacks, Schaffer poses an awful problem for any actor who undertakes that role; he must overcome the tedium of too many lines accompanied by too little action.

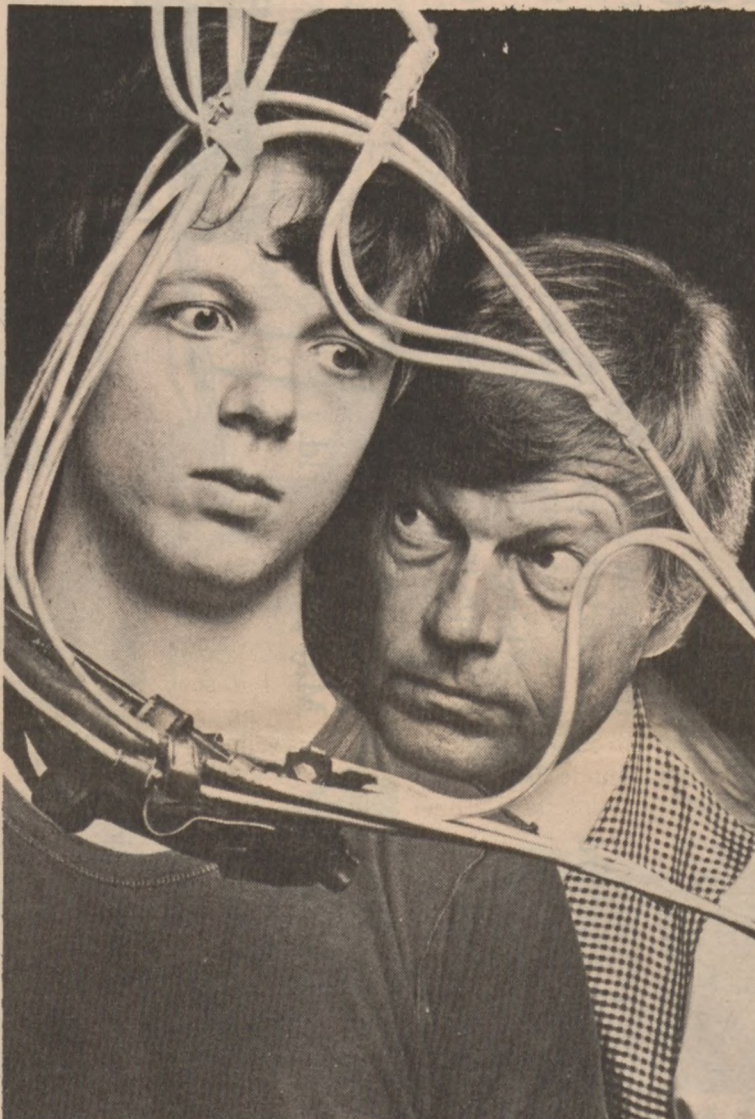
Martin never develops, never makes any discoveries, and never really makes any personal decisions. He is angst-ridden when we meet him, angst-ridden as the story progresses, and angst-ridden when the story ends, or rather, when it winds up where it began with, Martin posing angst-ridden questions to the audience.

So why is the role so popular? Perhaps because most men, particularly middle aged ones, experience horrors similar to Dysart's. The role provides the opportunity not only to present personal agony in public, but possibly to elevate it to the status of art. The role is enticing for those who have experienced existential horrors, and who hasn't? People respond to Dysart because he is a caricature, perhaps a "symbol," of the modern man who wants to be somewhere other than where he is, who has succeeded beautifully in thinking himself out of living. But the appeal of the idea, the sentiment, does not mean that the role is less than troublesome. Its challenge is simply in the fact of its mediocrity; it tells us in too many words, nothing that we don't already know.

An old song sung to many unfinished, circuitous melodies. It takes a whale of an actor to overcome those problems.

In Workshop Theatre's current production, Russell Green, long time-director and teacher of acting at USC, puts up a good fight as Martin Dysart, the man who treats seventeen year old Alan Strang, the boy who blinded six horses in an attempt to free himself from the tyranny of his religion; a psychological mire of the more lurid aspects of Christianity, sado-masochism, paganism, Momism, television and equestrianism.

In portraying Dysart as a sensitive, warm man who uses sugar rather than sticks to get results, Green sacrifices much of the strength that the role demands. The handshake is too quick too many times and projects an eagerness at odds with Dysart's lines. Although Mr. Green's natural warmth is



Scott Hampton as Alan Strang, Russell Green as Martin Dysart in "Equus"

an asset, it often works against Dysart's authority over Alan; a husky seventeen year old psychopath who has just blinded six horses is not going to return his shrink's cigarettes just because he is asked to, nor should he be particularly impressed by Dysart's statement that the nurse, in this case played by a small, attractive woman, can hit him harder than he can hit her.

The veteran director and actor also has major difficulties with the English accent, and one senses that the sheer effort of using it has inhibited his confidence as an actor.

There are also problems with movement and blocking. Although Dysart physically touches everyone whom he meets in an affectionate let-me-into-your-confidence manner, the gestures are only half-hearted and tenuous, as though he wants to touch but doesn't know how. The

readiness to reassure by touching is something out of place, particularly in the scene in which Dysart, who has come to the Strangs' home for the first time, takes a rather long cross to place his hands on the shoulders of Mrs. Strang. One wonders why her husband does not take a swipe at Dysart for the intrusion.

Mr. Green, however, is a very honest and consistent actor, and those qualities succeed where technique in speech and movement are wanting. He succeeds in creating a basically believable character with whom the audience is in sympathy.

Other veterans also have their troubles in this production. Ms. Jayne Mulvaney, also a teacher in the USC drama department, plays an intense, wailing woman, whose hysteria, even for a woman in Mrs. Strang's condition, is excessive. Her movements are rather clumsy, particularly when she

collapses into the arms of Dysart and her husband, and her stances are rather contorted.

Though she succeeds in conveying an essence of her character, it is a bit transparent.

The major distraction in this production, however, comes from the horses. Dramatic though they are - with their metal shoes, brown levis and pullovers and silvery, dreamlike horse masks-much of their impact is obliterated by the clatter of metal feet on a wooden stage.

Jack Stehlin, recent winner of a scholarship to the Juilliard School of the Performing Arts, is the worst offender. He blasts in as the horseman on the beach with such vehemence that one thinks of Custer. In trying to project the power and virility of his mount, Mr. Stehlin simply runs harder and shouts

The Culture Junkie

To save the universe, no less

Comics go for the cosmic themes

By Perry Tannenbaum

Fantasy adventure is the elixir of life to growing American boys. When such imperishable classics as the Lone Ranger, Gene Autrey and Hoppy were still fresh on the airwaves, I had little difficulty imagining myself with the courage of my heroes.

Single-handedly I would plug a quintet of nasty desperadoes, twirl my pearl-handled Colt 45's back into their holsters, buy a round of drinks for the town's survivors and down a double whiskey straight up with just a short jerk of my noble visage. Blessed with impeccable manners, I would never brag about the miracles I had performed. Nor would I charge the honest townsfolk a fee for ridding them of the twin spectres of destruction and depravity.

Nope, I'd just wipe my mouth with my shirtsleeve, straighten my ten gallon hat, and gallop off into the West on my white stallion, framed by a technicolor sunset and one of those clouds of dust out of which legends are made.

It never occurred to me in those glorious days that I would grow up without the license to kill. Somehow, despite the outcries and misgivings of education mavens, civilization has safely withstood the onslaught of me. I was offered a chance at shoot-'em-up during the 60's, along with a free trip to Viet Nam. But I passed up that opportunity. So did millions of other young men, supposedly corrupted by the same diet of TV violence. Years can pass without any one of us craving a fix of gunpowder.

Kiddie Westerns and Adult Westerns have long since vanished from nightly video. New waves of violence invade our colorful channels every year. One of the current styles is the cheesecake crimefighter. Thanks to Charley's Angels, it will never again seem unbelievable to see a slender fashion model battling a human bulldozer in hand-to-hand combat-and beating him into the ground.

The latest innovation in prime time heroics is the comic book import: Spiderman and The Incredible Hulk have recently joined Wonder Woman on the tube. Upcoming specials will feature Dr. Strange and the mercurial Sub-Mariner. Very likely both these characters will achieve series-hood come fall.

This is the kind of programming that threatens to upset the human condition of American childhood.

Anytime you deprive kids of a chance of engaging in harmless criminality you are wasting a precious national resource. How can we Americans expect to defend freedom round the globe if we stunt the growth of cunning and stealth in our youngsters?

Reading comic books was once one of those wholesome criminal things you did on the sly. When I was a lad, no one needed to tell me that the pillars of my community looked down upon the adventures of my favorite superheroes. Comic books were mind-rotting trash, pure and simple. I understood that if I were ever caught reading such diseased literature at school, or enjoying the third-rate illustrations, my teacher would feel entitled to become livid with righteous indignation. Nor would this rage subside until my cherished trash had been torn to shreds. Running the risk was fun.

Nowadays, the contagion contained in comics is open to doubt. Walk into your favorite bookstore and you're liable to bump into a weighty tome entitled *The Smithsonian Collection of Newspaper Comics Strips*. More impressive still, there's *The World Encyclopedia of Comics*, written in a style so serious it rivals the dullest academician in Columbia.

Obviously, the name Smithsonian is an infallible charm against all protectors of public morality. Furthermore, it is genetically impossible for teachers to destroy anything that purports to be an encyclopedia.

Other products without the same scholarly clout are formidable simply by virtue of their cost.

The first two volumes of the Flash Gordon Color Library go for fifteen bucks apiece. Buck Rogers is also immortalized in a collected works edition, and there's an anthology of comic book heroes from the 40's presided over by none other than Jules Feiffer. Seven bucks a throw.

At the same price, students of contemporary comics can choose among four collections presented by Stan Lee, impresario of the Marvel Comics Group. Mr. Lee is the commercial genius who gave the cosmos Spiderman, along with heaps of other marvelous junk.

It's happening all across the nation, I'm sure: instead of confiscating and shredding these specimens of pop culture, teachers are capitulating and allowing their students to use them for book reports. The trend is clear. Someday, young scholars will be able to walk into their university library and find back issues of *The Incredible Hulk* right up there in the stacks next to *The Hudson Review*.

On March 20, Stan Lee's latest anthology, *The Superhero Women*, was used as a sourcebook for an article in *Newsweek*. Used to be that immersion in superhero culture was recognized as a vulgar way of asserting your masculinity. Girls six and over, and schoolmarm of all ages despised the confraternity of Batman.

But this fantasy world I revelled in twenty years ago—of flowing capes and mysterious utility belts—has long since been identified as a pocket of unregenerate male chauvinism. Modern women are making up for their past indifference. In response to the new social climate, publishers are adding women to the pantheon of costumed crusaders.

Feminist pundits and liberated journalists regularly subject these creations to close examination. Hot issues are pinpointed and deep philosophical discourse issues forth on such heavy questions as whether or not Spiderwoman's biceps, deltoids, calves, and thighs should be as fully developed as her mammary



Howard the Duck: Metaphysics of a fowl kind

glands. Should Red Sonja, wearer of the stainless steel bikini, look like a Russian shot putter, a Rumanian gymnast, or a West German swimmer?

Ms. Marvel exhibits the most highly awakened consciousness among the new breed. As Carol Danvers, she edits as women's magazine with a militant policy of

excluding diets and recipes. She has the power to accept kisses from a handsome reporter without disintegrating into a pile of helpless mush. She has taken the initiative of modifying her original costume so that it provides fewer cheap thrills

(Continued On Page 16)



Ms. Marvel: The apex of the woman's movement?

The Culture Junkie

To save the universe, no less

Comics go for nothing less than the cosmic themes

(Continued From Page 15)

for bystanders.

Superheroines are not quite so safe from the exploitation of the artists who draw them. In the current cover portrait of Ms. Marvel, there's a provocative rip in her costume which begins at her left collarbone and ends dangerously close to her right nipple. Spiderwoman appears fully clothed in her cover this month, but in a state of bondage calculated to delight the voyeur. More in the tradition of *True Detective*, it must be admitted, than the hallowed tradition of *Superman*.

So what else is new in the world of illustrated pulp? To answer this burning question, it is necessary to explore the relentlessly genial and fertile mind of Stan Lee, architect of the Marvel Age of Comics.

By the early 60's writers of superhero yarns had settled into the routine of grappling with two major problems each month: What kind of impossible mess shall I get Turtleman into this time, and how in tarnation shall I get him out of it?

Lee had the daring to believe that superheroes could retain their popular appeal even if they were fallible — even if attention were paid to such literary values as characterization. He also had the good sense not to take himself too seriously once he had done so.

In the *Fantastic Four*, Lee created a team of superheroes who chronically bickered among themselves. With *The Incredible Hulk* he explored the mixed blessing of having unlimited brute strength without a rational mind to control it. Not that Lee came up with anything profound, mind you — quite the opposite. But he did explore.

And then came Spiderman. The amazing success of this new hero can be traced to Lee's sympathetic portrayal of Peter Parker, the puny teenage bookworm who suddenly finds himself with super powers. Poor Peter finds it ain't so easy to cope with the transformation.

At home, he is coddled by a kindly aunt who treats him like a delicate little boy. At school, he suffers the ridicule of his classmates who see him running off in the opposite direction every time there's action and excitement. And as Spiderman, he is willfully

misunderstood by a jealous newspaper publisher who constantly targets him for harsh editorials and scare headlines.

In short, if you were in college during the Viet Nam era, Peter was a hero with some real heavy hangups, someone your entire generation could identify with. Spidey was cool.

There was a modest literary value to *Spiderman* that collegians could also appreciate. After the demanding philosophical texts and the literary classics imposed on their restless souls by the traditional curriculum, college kids found Lee's opus refreshingly shallow and unpretentious. And frequently unpretentious. And frequently, more relevant to their lives.

Face it, there's an epic grandeur to comic books which movies cannot capture. When heroes and villains clash, the artist can freeze the pain, ferocity, and agony of the combatants. In the movies, it all speeds by us, accompanied by raucous sound effects and pulse-pounding music. In comics, writers can ver easily add dialogue to the furious, airborne action in a manner that harkens back to the vaunts and taunts of Homer's *Iliad*. Corny though it might be, such action is stirring.

When Lee is at his best. Spiderman is pricelessly witty in combat. Wicked insults are improvised on the spot as he stuns his adversaries. Swift one-liners break forth even as he takes a punch.

Such admirable swash-buckling is frivolous nonsense, of course, reckless fantasy violence. But to the youth of our drug-obsessed culture, all that doesn't matter. Spiderman is definitely a trip. Harmless, you might say, and at a bargain price.

When I was a kid, you paid a dime for a 48 page comic book that always contained a trio of stories. Since then, the price has steadily risen to 35¢ for 32 pages, and the number of stories has dwindled to the point where, frequently, you don't even get one. Many of today's comic book titles have become serialized, hearkening back to the old-time newspaper strips.

I like this change in format, I must confess. I don't enjoy turning the last page of a comic book secure in the knowledge that my hero will now miraculously triumph

against all odds. Nausea and boredom similarly invade my spirit when I watch a TV drama and the minute hand on the kitchen clock edges close to the eleven.

No, I like my heroes to *really* suffer. Call me a bit kinky on imprisonment if you like, but I do adore a long, drawn-out, excruciating, and apparently hopeless struggle before my hero achieves the ecstasy of freedom and victory.

You won't find much serialized fiction on the market today, but *Daredevil*, *Flash*, and *The Incredible Hulk* are the best examples of the pulp variety. *Daredevil* is a special favorite of mine because, incredibly, he is totally blind. For him, even a fight with an ordinary street thug is like a problem in advanced algebra. When *Daredevil* springs into action, thought bubbles and balloons are utilized in a totally unique way. For him, life is a constant exercise in strategy. His adventures could not be rendered effectively in any medium except comics.

Comics especially excel when the heroic adventures take place in realms that only an artist can visualize. Thor, the thunder god, regularly battles his stepbrother Loki, god of evil, in the magnificent realm of Old Norse dieties. He and Dr. Strange frequently journey to weird dimensions which resemble the abstract paintings of Miro and Kandinsky.

The current issue of *Shazam* is a pleasant surprise once you get past the atrocious cover illustration. Inside, good old Captain Marvel and cohorts are sent to combat evil in the realm of Eternity. It's not every day that you get to see picture postcards of Eternity.

Howard the Duck has one of the most loyal followings in comicdom. The concept is intriguing. An animated cartoon duck, exiled from his natural habitat among articulate barnyard beasts, finds himself deposited in a world like our own. Unfortunately, after saving the universe, Howard has done almost nothing for the last two issues. This is now the duller strip in the business with the single exception of *Shade the Changing Man*. *Shade* did absolutely nothing last month. He is presently unconscious on an operating table, changing colors.

For the true Tolkein freaks, only one kind of comic book hero exists. Bring on Conan the Barbarian and Red Sonja, Claw the Unconquered and The Warlord! These, and the elfin characters who appear in *Weirdworld*, are the big drawing cards in the world of swords-and-sorcery. Frankly, I can do without the great Conan, but his scantily clad females rouse my blood.

Fan fever in comicdom is more rabid than ever. Used to be you were a true believer if you knew the origin and secret identity of your favorite hero and bought the magazine every month. Advanced students might know the Christian names of Ma and Pa Kent. If you were really a hopeless junkie, you wrote a letter to the editor pointing out some obscure inconsistency in the plot or the artwork from last issue. Then you'd see your name in print in your favorite mag.

Today's true believers maintain vast libraries of their favorite titles, carefully preserved in special wrappers. The inconsistencies they unearth are gleaned from conflicts with stories published thirty issues back. The heroes themselves are merely the surface of the new worship. The artists, inkers, letterers, and embellishers who manufacture the cherished magazines are the new

stars in the firmament of fandom. Each star has his defenders and detractors, each of them is scrupulously analyzed in the letters columns along with the work of the scriptwriters.

Respectability looms on the horizon. All the scrutiny comics are receiving—all the fervid esteem—must be viewed as an ominous sign. It's an old familiar cycle. They started taking novels seriously a century ago and there was no end to it. Pretty soon everyone was trying to be a social historian like Henry James. Talented people were taught to despise entertainers like Dickens and Twain.

Remember Westerns? People started taking them seriously, calling them our unique American contribution to world mythology. Pretty soon we had Adult Westerns. And soon afterwards, we had almost no Westerns at all.

Now television is getting hold of comic books. *Superman* may start a whole new wave of movies with all the advanced technology of *Star Wars* lavished upon them. When American commercial ingenuity finds something new to promote, there's no letting go. The effect is deadly.

Better hurry on down to your favorite newsstand and latch on to a comic book, friend. It's later than you think.



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Television

Plaudits for Cavett, a change of heart on Snyder

By Dan Lackey

A writer for William F. Buckley's conservative journal *National Review*—referring, I think, to Dick Cavett's hanging on at ABC and now at PBS after failing to hit the jack-pot on network television—called Cavett "the Adlai Stevenson of television." A witty put-down by a reviewer who certainly thinks less of Adlai Stevenson than I do, but I can appreciate the metaphor.

Like Stevenson, Cavett has been construed as an "intellectual" floundering

gallantly outside his true cerebral metier. Bright Dick, it is still said, is as unfit for the glibness of TV-chat as reflective Adlai was for the rigors of practical politics.

Indeed, if competition is the measure of all things, Cavett can be seen as a defeated statesman proudly accepting an humiliating ambassadorship on educational television, biding his time as Carson continues his apparently endless reign as king of late-night talk. (Stevenson, of course, went, proud head bowed, to the UN, at the behest of the victorious Kennedy).

But I really hope Cavett doesn't consider himself running for office in the art of televised conversation—the tube's only original and most interesting contribution to culture yet, for good or ill. Cavett-the-host is getting better and better, and he may have found his niche as host of a half-hour talk show on PBS (shown here on Channel 35, 11 p.m. Mon.-Fri.)

If Dick does still lust for Carson's kingdom, I trust he'll remember (since he has an encyclopedic memory for cogent quotes) what Alistair Cooke recently wrote about his old friend Adlai: "He remains the liveliest reminder of our time that there are admirable reasons for failing to be President."

At WNET, out of the glare and the hype of the commercial-network lime-light, Cavett simply emcees a small parade of "the best and the brightest." Recent interviews are some of the best he has ever conducted. (Those with Aaron Copeland, Joan Sutherland and Tony Randall come immediately to mind).

Under the educational auspices of public broadcasting, Cavett stands a better chance of garnering writers and artists he can respect, and therefore interview with some aplomb.

Cavett works best with one or two guests and a smaller, more attentive studio audience. These he has, under the seemingly more intimate circumstances at WNET; it's an atmosphere where guests who can really talk have an uninterrupted opportunity to do so, and where Dick's own genuine impish wit deserves occasionally to be heard—and is.

I don't want to over-state my new pleasure in a better Dick Cavett. But amidst the raucous blather of Videoville, his little program on PBS is fast becoming one of the finer things in life.

Praise for Cavett isn't to say I've been cured of my addiction to Tom Snyder, host of NBC's "Tomorrow Show", whom I have loved-to-hate ever since that show first broke wind a little over four years ago. Over a period of four years my original opinion of Snyder has mellowed a lot.

When "Tomorrow" first appeared I ruthlessly described Tom as "a perfectly handsome (though not charismatic), impenetrably stupid, mid-thirty-ish California disc-jockey who, under the guise of an interview format, spins guests and Big Topics like the Top Forty grooves." Adding: "But never has flippancy been so somber. Tom, whose heart bleeds like a nose runs, fairly sweats with an officious, uninformed concern..." And so on.

A few days after these remarks and others like them were printed, I received a phone call from Ernie Trubiano, a sportswriter for *The State*. Mr. Trubiano deplored my column on Snyder and thought that I had been grossly unfair to a man who had brought a lot of new ideas to late night television. So rarely do I receive a good crank letter, let alone a conscientiously irate phone call about anything I write that I instantly regarded Mr. Trubiano as a pal, and tried to press him into a discussion of some sports question of the day. He must have been baffled. Well, Ernie, if you're still out there, you'll be pleased to learn that on the question of Tom Snyder I've done a 180-degree turn. I can now no more despair of Tom's sensibility than I can despair of the sensibility of my trusty St. Bernard. My only objection to Tom now is a purely technical one—he's sway-backed. (Perhaps because he's uncomfortable with his 6' 3" height.) Whenever he has to stand in front of a camera his posture is something gruesome.

Tom Snyder has, of course, burbled to the top of recent television news and gossip. And for good reason: Snyder, the paragon of personality journalism, is now theoretically within striking distance of the anchorman's spot on the NBC nightly news. Put bluntly (and sounding, I'm sure, like Rona Barrett), the logic in the rumors surrounding Snyder's rising star is this: NBC, a dire third in the network news and entertainment ratings war, has recently hired ABC programming "whiz" Fred Silverman as president of the entire company—chief executive over both news and entertainment. John Chancellor, present NBC anchorman, wants out from behind the control-tower desk. And Tom Snyder, who has anchored the nightly news for the NBC stations in both New York and Los Angeles, is said to be "Freddie's kind of guy."

BULLETIN: A prediction a la Jeanne Dixon: Barbara Walters will return to NBC in 1980 to co-anchor the nightly news with her old friend Tom Snyder.

I'm not only getting used to Tom on "Tomorrow," I'm actually growing fond of him there, on a show where they dig up a lot of weird people, and contribute, with great flair, to what could be called the *carnivalization* of television.

But if Tom takes his honest sense of the prurient and sensational to the nightly news, I'm afraid I'll have to grow accustomed to his face all over again, and this might take me eight years instead of four.

Theatre undertakes "Equus"

(Continued From Page 14)

louder than anyone else.

As Nugget, he makes too much noise with his feet and draws attention from the major actors with unnecessary head movements. When Alan tries to lead him, his resistance is too great, and instead of a godlike horse/creature, one pictures maniacal mustang mated with a freight train.

Workshop's *Equus* is a must, however, for at least one very good reason: Scott Hampton. The USC freshman, who appeared earlier this year in *The Birds*, reveals a deep understanding of the Alan Straas well as the technical skills to give it life. His speech, mannerisms and movements create a character that will be remembered for a long time.

Hampton is particularly successful as the six year old Strang who takes his first horseback ride. As the young horseman on the beach gallops with him around the stage, Hampton laughs and shrieks in childish delight, and the audience has little doubt that it is watching a real child playing in complete abandon.

Alan's final scene of the first act with Nugget is stunning; Hampton holds back here no more than he does while on the beach as a six year old. The scene is not merely sexual; when Alan screams in ecstasy from Nugget's back, "Equus, I love you! Bear me away! Make us one person!" we understand why Dysart is tormented, and precisely the nature of what he

is missing.

Other good, believable work is done by Mary Arnold Garvin as Hester, the magistrate and very supportive friend to Dysart. She is at once professional as a magistrate and charming as a woman and her scenes with Dysart reveal her concern and respect for him.

Becky Wrenn as Jill Mason, Alan's girl friend, succeeds in capturing the innocence of adolescence, and her nude scene with Alan is quite touching. She emphasizes Jill's outdoor quality and basic freshness.

Beth Burnside is quite convincing in the very small role of nurse and gives it no more or less than it requires. Her character is professional, compassionate and attractive, obviously capable in her job as a nurse in a hospital for disturbed children.

Workshop's set is quite successful, and the lighting and sound contribute greatly to the overall mood of the play. The scene in which Jill and Alan enter the dirty movie is highly effective; the bluish lights flicker and we hear the sound of a film running through a projector. The most gripping scene, however, is when Alan blinds the horses. The red lights heightened the pain and madness of the action.

For all its flaws, The Workshop production of *Equus* is certainly worthwhile. It is doubtful that a community theatre anywhere could have done a better job. It runs until May 20th.

Ironie Verse

by Thomas L. Johnson

I know a weak-armed maker
Who, when writing lines,
Instead of sitting down
With milk and cookies or
A glass of beer and nuts,
Stands at counter munching
Raisins from a box.
This way, he says, he gets
His iron as he works,
As well as poems filled
With plum-dark wrinkles, sun-dried
Light, a strong cathartic,
And a touch of wine.

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On the changed nature of liberalism

Understanding South Carolina reformers, progressives and hucksters

(Continued From Page 4)

traditional liberalism that the southerner quibbled.

Obviously, the federal government won the contest. A certain amount of change did come to South Carolina. By the late sixties and early seventies it was possible to get elected to public office on something other than a racist

saw as absolutely incumbent upon government. Humphrey thought government *should* provide the good life. Ravenel thinks that the government should not supplant the private sector in the economy. He sees the good life as attainable through the private sector, hearkening back to old laissez-faire doctrine; doctrine old liberals consider simply

"If Pug is interested in real change, he is going to have to be willing to conceptualize government in terms of the pursuit of justice, rather than the pursuit of a balanced ledger sheet."

platform. But those who shunned the politics of race still weren't willing to call themselves liberals; John West would blanch at the term, and Fritz Hollings would widen his eyes in terror. John Jenrette, who defeated old John MacMillan in the Sixth District in 1972, would not have thought of describing himself as a liberal.

Despite the acceptance by some of a less oppressive social order, the old fear and aversion toward federal New Deal liberalism remained. As long as "liberal" mandated change from Washington, it was bound to remain taboo.

Thus, we arrive at a point where we don't even know what to call people who aren't hidebound conservatives! And it makes no sense to call people like Pug Ravenel "liberals," because they're not; not in the old sense. At the heart of New Deal liberalism was a vision of government actively creating social justice through giving people the means to participate fully in the economic and political system. This necessarily involved a huge expansion in the role of the federal government, an expansion Ravenel would like to see reversed. Deeper, though, than an aversion for big government, the Ravenel philosophy seems to sever from government a moral duty, a duty Hubert Humphrey liberalism

immoral.

And there's something even harder to pin down; the sort of new lifestyle liberalism represented by California Governor Jerry Brown. How does he fit into the contrast just drawn between Hubert Humphrey and Pug Ravenel?

It might help understanding things by returning to Bill Kreml for a minute. Now, this man is a theoretician; he works in that realm where all is possible, provided it can be conceived, and he sees Brown as a totally new kind of liberal — a liberal who isn't terribly concerned with economic questions, is leery of the value of perpetuating the kind of economy we have, and is most concerned with enabling people to live self-satisfying lives. To this kind of liberal, balancing the budget is, in and of itself, inconsequential and not the real issue. What counts is weening people psychologically from their involvement in a system that creates unhappy lives; he worries more about why people are committing suicide in even greater numbers, than about our trade deficit. Brown's liberalism has to do with the very way people live.

Contrast this with the message coming from someone like Tom Smith. Smith is generally perceived as the liberal candidate in the Democratic race for Lt.

Governor. But what is he really talking about? Putting more people to work, allowing more people to buy into the existing economic system. He's not, like Jerry Brown, questioning the desirability of the system itself, or the way of life it breeds. Smith is a true-blue free enterpriser, and is unique only in his desire to let more people play the game. This is neither Hubert Humphrey liberalism — Smith would decry a large government adjusting social and economic relations — nor Brown's laid-back, skeptical politics. It is, however, Pug Ravenel's politics of commerce.

Pug Ravenel won't let you call him a liberal. He denies that he ran as a liberal in 1974, but concedes that he was perceived as one. In fact, he's uncharacteristically hesitant when asked what he would call the Pug Ravenel of 1978.

To understand Pug, you have to understand the distinction he makes in his mind between economic and social issues. Then, you have to understand the difference between reform and change.

Pug can describe his philosophy as a mixture of liberalism and conservatism because he can evidently separate the two realms in his mind. There are some issues — voter registration, affirmative action, minority rights — which are in no sense economic. On these, he says, he favors opening up the system to let as many people as possible in. He construes social liberalism today to mean backing specific proposals which would have the effect of giving people who used to have little political power, more power.

He sees another set of issues, though, which are economic in nature; the budget, employment, inflation. Old liberals, he argues, were not particularly concerned about costs and budgets, and he says they were wrong. New liberals want to run a tight fiscal ship, but also open up the political process. He mentions people like Butler Derrick, John Jenrette and Alex Sanders as examples of this kind of liberal.

But can you separate social and economic issues in reality? Must not some basic decisions be made between economic goals and social



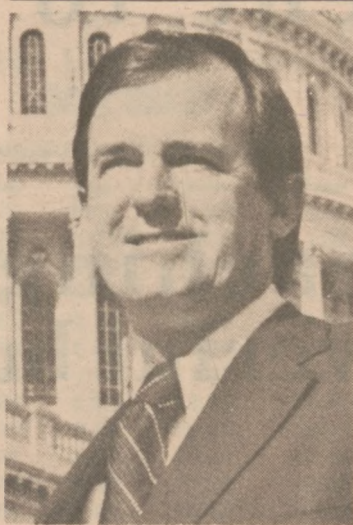
Butler Derrick: Pug thinks he's one of the "new progressives"

goals? Between efficiency and justice?

We find ourselves back with Kreml, because he says his version of the new liberal is the person who, faced with a choice between strict economic goals and social values, consciously chooses the latter.

Much as Ravenel can split social and economic values in words, reality is going to prove a much tougher nut. Choices will have to be made, and a fiscal expert knows but one yardstick; efficiency, the most economical way, the one best way. If the real Pug Ravenel stands up and turns out to be nothing but a manager, he will choose the predictability of the status quo over the chaos of real change when it comes time to take sides. No one says he not a reformer. He does want to change the mechanisms, the means by which things are done; this is no small goal, but is not the same as changing the nature of the goals we pursue as individuals and as a society; yet this is what Jerry Brown seems to be all about. If Pug is interested in real change, he is going to have to be willing to conceptualize government in terms of the pursuit of justice, rather than the pursuit of a balanced ledger sheet.

The new liberal, says Kreml, subsumes economic issues into broader human issues. The new liberal asks "will this permit people to live good, sane, tranquil and healthy lives?" The new liberal doesn't



Or how about this one? — Alex Sanders

just want to give a person the opportunity to make \$2.80 per hour in a new factory. The new liberal wants to alter the very network of expectations, pressures and artificial inducements that presently drive people in ways that rob them of their dignity as human beings. He is interested in effecting a wholly new way of life. Pug Ravenel and Tom Smith want to bring South Carolina into the mainstream of contemporary American life.

Think a minute about the mainstream of American life — think about harried, desperate people, who knows how many people surviving on some sort of drug — and think about whether that is really the future we ought to be chasing. Jerry Brown will tell you that we have had a glimpse of the future, and that it doesn't work; let us, therefore, pursue a different one.

So, where does all this leave us? We started out trying to figure out what happened to liberalism, and trying to locate any survivors in South Carolina. It looks like old-fashioned New Deal liberalism is on its last legs. What has replaced it is represented, on the one hand, by Pug Ravenel and Tom Smith; on the other by ... by who in this state? If the two offshoots of Hubert Humphrey liberalism are managerial politics — the fiscal efficiency politics of Pug — and Jerry Brown's total questioning politics on the other hand, where do we find their delegates in South Carolina?

There doesn't seem to be anyone of Brown's ilk in these environs. Dick Riley talks about human things before he talks about economic policy, and seems to possess a certain flexibility of mind which might lead him to question the very goals to which our society is geared. But if he really mirrors Brown's almost anti-political politics, he has hidden the fact pretty well.

What does it really come down to? Liberalism has come down to ... well, says Kreml again, it has come down to method or substance. One branch believes in organizing, in finding one right method of solving problems; a value-less view of society as, essentially, a machine to be tuned up. The other branch is asking the basic questions about what kind of lives we want people here to live, what kinds of human values we want to promote.

John Bolt Culbertson would not be too happy either. Nor would Hubert Humphrey. But the New Deal is dead. The choices today are couched in different terms, in terms of efficient management or justice. Thus has liberalism changed.

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1965 Mercedes Benz 190C. Black. 4 door. Automatic. Pristine 254-9308. \$1700.

4/20

For Sale 1969 Porsche 912 coupe. Excellent condition, completely restored. 779-9478.

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FOR SALE: Collect car. 1960, 356B Cabriolet Porsche. White-black top. Call before 9 a.m. and evenings. 777-4713.

FOR SALE--1974 Subaru stationwagon, 29,000 miles, AM-FM radio, air-conditioned, front wheel drive. Asking \$2,200 but price is negotiable. 787-8169.

1968 VW: Rebuilt engine, \$400.00 254-8804 after 5:30.

1973 Ford LTD 4-door, AC, PS, PB, new tires, excellent condition, 63,000 miles. \$1,100. Call 781-2501. 3/17

77 SUZUKI 750. 4 Stroke 4. Only 800 miles. Showroom condition. Cycle magazine rates best roadbike of 77. Must sell. 256-0391.

1975 BUICK Riviera Landace. Loaded and in good condition. Will deal or trade. Randy Campbell 1-884-5141 or 1-886-8461 or Cola. 256-8389 and leave phone number.

FOR SALE-Honda 450, 1970 Model \$400.00 779-2549 For free 7 ft. x 16ft. wooden truck bed. Needs repair or modification. 779-2549.

1974 Chevrolet Impala Station Wagon 3-seat, equipped, truly excellent condition. Priced extremely reasonable at \$1950. Call 799-0247. 3/17

Real Estate

ALASKA OIL and gas leases for sale — ADL 60134 — 1920 acres, ADL 60135 — 1600 acres, ADL 60136 — 1920 acres. \$6 per acre. 799-7405. pd. 4/6

EAU CLAIRE 36,500 3 bdr., 2 b., brick veneer home on heavily shaded corner lot. Hardwood floors, 9 ft. ceilings, fireplace & wood stove. Large kitchen, washer & dryer connections. Two car garage w/work bench. Fenced back yard w/garden spot. Fire hydrant, city bus route in Dutch Square shopping. Mortgage assumption. Call Stewart Lilly, 754-5621, (home) or 796-4084 (work).

FOR SALE by owner beautiful wooded lot in old Spring Valley ideal home site reasonably priced. Call 782-0336 or 345-5773. 5/11

BY OWNER - 6 Lake lots restricted - \$6,000 to \$10,000 - Near Saluda Traffic Circle - Terms available - Nic Church after 6 - 786-2438. 6/1

HOME FOR sale by owner—seven and a half rooms, two baths. Beautiful old brick. Energy saving features. Mountainbrook. 776-4964. 2/24

FOR RENT Lawyers, Accountants, Real Estate Firms, Manufact. Reps., etc. 10 small offices newly refurbished. \$65-\$75. Includes utilities. Ready now. Great area off Forest Drive. Phone 787-7503 or 254-6991. 3/31

NEW DEVELOPMENT bordering on Waccamaw River five miles from North Myrtle Beach. All lots 7/10 acre or more. Financing. \$5,000 and up. Hussey Realty Company. 249-1475. 4/14

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For Sale or rent by owner—3 bedroom house, 1 bath, kitchen with a dining area. Large yard in nice neighborhood. Call 788-2615.

Services

TYPIST-DISSETATIONS, Thesis, term papers, Selectric Quality, Exec. Secretary - \$1.00 up per page. Call Peggy 254-3978 after 5. 6/22

Letterheads, brochures, etc. Free lance design work at reasonable rates. Call Paula: 777-6657.

Pets

NEEDED FOR Breeding. Healthy, intelligent female Golden Retriever, English or Irish Setter. Full blood not required. Want to continue line of my uniquely intelligent personable Golden Retriever/English Setter. Will pay \$20, mother's and puppies' shots, vitamins. First five puppies mine, rest yours. 782-8427. 3/24

Miscellaneous

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Had your TS Card punched today? Remember griping to the Platoon Sergeant? Feel better fast!

Get a TS Card so you can see the Chaplain and get him to punch your card, or send one to a complaining friend. Durable. Billfold size.

Send \$2 to John Q. Press, Dept. B P.O. Box 11954, Columbia, S.C. 29211.

6/1

RARE SCOTT tube type FM stereo receiver. Powerful, works well. \$100. Will negotiate. John 779-3452 late.

3/17

COATS OF Arms - Expertly reproduced in color - W.R. Turbeville. 3626 Blossom Street, Call 256-2524. 6/22

Opportunities

PART TIME clean up man wanted 3 hours suitable for retiree apply Charles Cue & Cushion. 5/18

The Basil Pot has openings for fulltime staff to work Wednesday through Saturday. Call Ellen, 771-9648.

4/20

Gift Catalog

32 pages, beautiful and useful items for the whole samily. Send just \$1 to:

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3019 Farrior Rd.
P.O. Box 33103
Raleigh, N.C. 27606

MAIL-IN FORM FOR CLASSIFIED ADS DEADLINE - TUES. 4 P.M.

SEND AD TO..... OSCEOLA
P.O. BOX 5033
COLA. S.C. 29250

NO. OF
WORDS _____

NO. OF
ISSUES _____

PAYMENT
SENT \$ _____

PAYMENT MUST BE SENT WITH AD, NO EXCEPTIONS

Sample Word Count

1 2|3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
Wanted S.C. Tobacco Leafs J.J. Doe 100 Main St.

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MINIMUM \$1.75 ON ANY AD

Number of Issues	One	Two	Three	Four	Five	Six
Up to 20 words	1.75	3.05	4.43	5.62	6.93	8.21
21 - 25 words	2.20	3.82	5.54	7.02	8.69	10.26
26 - 30 words	2.64	4.59	6.65	8.42	10.40	12.37
31 - 35 words	3.07	5.35	7.72	9.82	12.11	14.36
36 - 40 words	3.51	6.10	8.86	11.23	13.86	16.42
41 - 45 words	3.95	6.88	9.96	12.64	15.62	18.47
46 - 50 words	4.39	7.65	11.07	14.04	17.82	20.57
51 - 55 words	4.82	8.59	12.15	15.44	19.04	22.57
56 - 60 words	5.27	9.16	13.26	16.85	20.79	24.62
61 - 65 words	5.71	9.94	14.39	18.25	22.55	26.73
66 - 70 words	6.15	10.69	15.50	19.66	24.30	28.78
71 - 75 words	6.58	11.45	16.58	21.06	25.97	

Legal Notices

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND.
JEANETTE T. GRAY,
Plaintiff,
-vs-
JAMES GRAY,
Defendant.

IN THE FAMILY COURT
78 DR 400655
SUMMONS
TO THE DEFENDANT ABOVE-
NAMED:

YOU ARE HEREBY SUM-
MONED and required to answer
the complaint in this action, a
copy of which is herewith served
upon you, and to serve a copy of
your answer to the said
complaint on the plaintiff or her
attorney, Lincoln C. Jenkins, Jr.,
at his office, 924 Hampton Street,
Columbia, South Carolina,
within twenty (20) days after the
service hereof, exclusive of the
day of such service, and if you fail
to answer the complaint within
the time aforesaid, the plaintiff
in this action will apply to the
Court for the relief demanded in
the complaint.

Dated at Columbia, South
Carolina, on the 7th day of
March, 1978.

LINCOLN C. JENKINS, JR.
Attorney for Plaintiff.

PETITION
State of South Carolina
County of Richland
IN THE RICHLAND COUNTY
FAMILY COURT
Geraldine Greene Bedenbaugh,
Petitioner,

-vs-
Charles Bedenbaugh,
Respondent.

The above entitled action has
been commenced in this court,
the object and prayer of which is
to obtain a divorce between the
parties hereto; that upon
information and belief, diligent
search has been made to locate
the Respondent, Charles
Bedenbaugh, but he cannot be
located within this State and his
whereabouts are unknown to the
Petitioner and her attorney.

WHEREFORE, it is respect-
fully prayed that an Order of
Publication be issued herein.

JOHNSON, TOAL &
BATTISTE, P.A.

BY: L.S. Leevy Johnson
Attorney for Petitioner
Columbia, South Carolina
February 14, 1978.

LEGAL NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that
application has been made to the
Victory Savings Bank on April
21, 1978, for the issuance of a
duplicate certificate to replace
originals certificates numbered
498 and 636, which original
certificates have either been lost
or destroyed. After two years
from the issuance of a duplicate
certificate original certificates
numbered 498 and 636 shall be
null and void.

5/11

DOCKET NO. 78-DR40-0743
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
IN THE FAMILY COURT
JAMES E. KENT,

Petitioner,
vs.
MARIAN T. KENT,
Respondent.

PETITION FOR ORDER OF PUBLICATION

Now come Ronald A. Barrett,
attorney for the Petitioner
herein, who would respectfully
show unto this Court:

1. That this is an action for a
divorce, a vinculo matrimonii.
2. That the Respondent is a
resident and citizen of the State
of New York, and that the
Petitioner has been unable to
locate the Respondent in this
County and State.

3. That Petitioner's attorney is
informed and believes that it is
necessary that Petitioner obtain
jurisdiction of the Respondent,
Marian T. Kent, by service of
publication, and it is Petitioner's
wish that this Court issue its
Order allowing such service.

WHEREFORE, Petitioner

prays that this Court issue its
Order authorizing service of the
Summons and Notice of Filing
Complaint and Order of
Publication herein.

LOURIE, DRAINE,
CURLEE & SWERLING

By: Ronald A. Barrett
Attorney for Petitioner
Columbia, South Carolina
28 day of March, 1978.

ORDER FOR PUBLICATION

Having read and filed the
Petition of Ronald A. Barrett,
attorney for the Petitioner
herein, and it appearing that this
is an action for a divorce, a
vinculo matrimonii, and further,
that the Respondent, Marian T.
Kent, is a resident of the State of
New York and cannot be located
in the County and State above
named.

IT IS ORDERED that service in
this matter be made on the
Respondent, Marian T. Kent, by
publishing copies of the
Summons and Notice of Filing of
Complaint and this Order in a
paper of general circulation in
Richland County, South Carolina,
once a week for three (3)
consecutive weeks and by
forwarding a copy of the
pleadings to the Respondent,
Marian T. Kent, at her last
known address.

John R. T. Major
Columbia, South Carolina
28 day of March, 1978.

NOTICE OF FILING COMPLAINT

TO: THE RESPONDENT ABOVE
NAMED:

YOU WILL PLEASE TAKE
NOTICE that the original
Summons and Petition in the
above entitled action were filed
in the Office of the Clerk of the
Family Court of the Fifth Judicial
Circuit, the object and prayer of
which is to obtain a divorce, a
vinculo matrimonii, and other
relief as set forth in the
Complaint.

LOURIE, DRAINE,
CURLEE & SWERLING
By: Ronald A. Barrett
Attorney for Petitioner
Columbia, South Carolina

28 day of March, 1978. 5/18

Osceola, legals

SUMMONS
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
IN THE FAMILY COURT
Dianne A. Waters,

Plaintiff,
-vs-
Claude Alvin Waters,
Defendant;
Defendant.

TO THE DEFENDANT ABOVE
NAMED:

You are hereby summoned and
required to answer the Com-
plaint herein, a copy of which is
herewith served upon you, and to
serve a copy of your Answer to
said Complaint upon the
subscriber at his office at 3145
Carlisle Street, Suite 102,
Columbia, South Carolina,
29205, within twenty (20) days
after the service hereof,
exclusive of the day of such
service and, if you fail to answer
the Complaint within the time
aforesaid, the Plaintiff will apply
to the Court for the relief
demanded in the Complaint.

Herman F. Richardson, Jr.
Attorney for Plaintiff
Columbia, South Carolina
29th day of March, 1978.

NOTICE
TO: THE DEFENDANT ABOVE
NAMED:

YOU WILL PLEASE TAKE
NOTICE that the original
Summons and Complaint in the
above entitled action were filed
in the Office of the Clerk of Court
for Richland County, the object
and prayer of which is to obtain a
divorce, a vinculo matrimonii,
and other relief as set forth in the
Complaint.

Herman F. Richardson, Jr.
Attorney for Plaintiff
Columbia, South Carolina
29th March, 1978. 5/18

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11:30 - 12:30
TOUR THE FILM SECTION OF THE U.S.C. MEDIA ARTS DEPT.
12:30 - 1:30 LUNCH

1:30 - 3:00 PM
★ JON DUNN and Films

3:00 PM
WORKSHOPS

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Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gadsen Tedder

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Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vincent Mooney



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